

LAST SUMMER

A Screenplay

by
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from the novel

by
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The William Morris Agency

FADE IN:

1. Full shot of a gull in flight. Blue sky, puffy clouds, a perfect morning in early summer. Sounds of surf, of other gulls calling, of gentle breeze. We hold this shot as the gull wheels, turns, climbs and soars---celebrating the act of flight. We begin a slow zoom in tightening until the bird's head fills the frame and we see the sun-glitter in its seeking eye. Suddenly the bird's head makes a sharp and distinctive movement, turning as it sees some new object. We cut to the
2. bird's POV. Now we ourselves, are in flight, wheeling, turning, climbing and soaring.

As we fly we see below us a broad white empty beach, a fine full surf, other gulls swooping below and, in the distance, scattered in an uneven row along the beach moderately fashionable summer homes---it could be Amagansett perhaps, or Martha's Vineyard or Fire Island. We begin

MAIN TITLES

The subjective shot continues under the titles, revealing more of the summer colony, we fly over the dock and marina and few buildings of the town itself. We see a bay on the other side suggesting an island, a point of land jutting into the sea on which is a thick green forest. Now we swoop off to a deserted stretch of beach and under final title we begin a long sloping dive towards the water as the gull's hunt for food begins.

As the final title fades, the camera (still from the bird's point of view) pans sharply to the left towards a whitecap just beyond the surf line and we rapidly increase the angle and speed of our dive. Cut back to an ECU of the gull in a matching dive towards the water and just before the moment of entry cut back to the subjective from which we see a flash of silver just under the surface.

3. an ECU of the gull in a matching dive towards the water
4. and just before the moment of entry cut back to the subjective from which we see a flash of silver just under the surface.
5. Now we smash into the water itself and instantly slam cut to the objective shot of the gull diving full speed into the wave. He comes up gulping and swallowing a small fish. We cut back to the subjective as we begin
6. a climbing turn away from the water.

But something is wrong. The camera goes through a series of rapid jerking motions as though the gull was having difficulty swallowing its catch. Now we cease our climb and instead begin a slow irregular descent to the beach, still jerking spasmodically. As the camera flutters in for a landing, cut to the objective shot of the gull landing on the deserted beach, apparently in pain and disabled in some fashion.

7.

8. BEACH. EXTERIOR. DAY.

We can see the flat roof of a small contemporary house and part of its deck behind a dune. A young girl wearing a bikini is coming from the direction of the house across the beach towards the surf. She is fifteen years old, tall, willowy, tanned and, as she draws closer we see that she is very beautiful. Her long hair, the color of pale gold, falls loose to her shoulders. She walks gracefully and apparently aimlessly. Once she stops to pick up a small shell which she examines and tosses towards the sea. Once she flings out her arms and whirls about. She is simply larking by herself, completely self-absorbed. Her name is Sandy.

As she draws closer to the water we see her stop suddenly and stare at some object on the beach. She stoops down and seems to be examining it intently.

9. ANOTHER ANGLE

Two boys are walking along the beach towards Sandy. One is Ted, blond, six feet tall, with handsome even features, a strong jaw and brow. The other is Peter, slighter, less conventionally handsome, but with an interesting and appealing face. Both boys are deeply tanned and both wear their hair long in the current highschool fashion. Both of them are sixteen and they look it. There is still a child-like vulnerability about their faces and their movements, they are still boyishly slender, neither their bodies nor their faces hardened into their final adult form.

When they spot Sandy ahead it is clear that they don't know her but are curious about her.

When Sandy sees them coming she stands up. The boys' eyes travel over her from head to toe, clearly impressed with what they see. Finally they look at the object at her feet.

It is the gull, large, grey and white, its eyes closed, its beak working spasmodically as if to suck in air.

SANDY

He's still alive.

Both boys bend closer. Ted nudges the gull with his toe.

TED

He won't be for long.

SANDY

What makes you so sure?

TED

Well, look at him.

SANDY

Get out of the sun. He needs the sun.

PETER

(as they both move around)

What for?

SANDY

It gets dark when you're dying.

PETER

How do you know?

SANDY

"Do not go gentle into the long night. Rage, rage against the dying of the light---"

PETER

When Dylan Thomas wrote that I do not believe he had a gull in mind.

SANDY

Will you help me get him off the beach?

TED

Not I. If a gull bites you you can get rabies.

SANDY

Oh rabies, my ass!

Ted raises his eyebrows at Peter.

PETER

What's your name?

SANDY

Sandy.

PETER

I'm Peter. This is Ted.

TED

Which house are you in?

SANDY

(with a flick of her
head towards the roof
behind the dune)

Over there. The Stern house.

(to Peter)

Will you help me get him off
the beach?

PETER

Well---gulls are pretty dirty
animals. If they bite you---

SANDY

(contemptuously)

Never mind, I'll do it myself!

She crosses to a clump of beach grass and picks up a large weathered shingle. She brings it over to the bird and stoops down beside him. Her face is very serious as she tries to shove the shingle under the bird. Suddenly the bird flaps his wings and shrieks. Sandy gasps, drops the shingle and leaps backwards. She stares at the now silent bird, then at the boys.

SANDY

He'll die if we don't help him.

TED

He'll die anyway.

PETER

What happened to him?

SANDY

(shrugs)

I was just walking along and
there he was.

TED

Maybe he flew into something.

SANDY

What could he have flown into?

TED

Another bird?

Sandy gingerly picks up the shingle again and cautiously
edges it under the bird. This time the gull remains

motionless and silent. She gets the shingle under him and lifts it. Carefully, holding the shingle at arm's length she starts up over the dunes towards the house. The boys follow her.

10. ~~ANOTHER ANGLE~~ SANDY'S DECK

Sandy climbs over the dunes and approaches the house, a low square structure surrounded by a wide wooden deck. She lays the shingle on the deck and swings up under the railing. The boys do the same. Sandy crosses to the door of the house.

The Gull

SANDY

Watch him. I'll be right back.

She opens the screen door and disappears inside.

11. ANOTHER ANGLE

PETER

How old do you think she is?

TED

About fifteen.

PETER

She talks older.

TED

Not very much in the tit department though.

PETER

Age has nothing to do with that.
My sister's twenty-three and flat
as a board.

The bird flaps its wings and shrieks. Peter bends over it.

PETER

I give him about ten minutes.

TED

Five.

(stares at the bird)
Do you think it's a male?

PETER

I don't know.

TED

How can you tell if it is or not?

PETER

The males have pricks, same as you and me.

TED

When he dies we'll take a look.

PETER

If he dies.

TED

Oh he'll die all right.

PETER

Not if she has anything to say about it---

12. ANOTHER ANGLE

Sandy comes out of the house with a towel and a cup of liquid. She crosses to the gull, holds his wings against his body and wraps him in the towel. She takes a spoon out of the bra part of her bikini and dips it into the cup.

PERER

What's that?

SANDY

Beef consomme.

TED

You've got to be kidding!

SANDY

(holding the spoon to the bird's beak)

Shut up!

TED

She thinks she's in a Walt Disney movie.

SANDY

Shut up!

She puts a spoonful of the consomme into the bird's beak. The bird shrieks.

PETER

You're only going to kill him quicker---by drowning.

TED
He doesn't like it.

SANDY
Gulls like everything. They eat
all kinds of crap.
(she pours more consomme
into the gull's beak)
See! He does too like it!

TED
Why don't you just let him die
in peace?

SANDY
(continues to feed bird)
No, he's a sweet old bird.

PETER
What are you going to do with
that sweet old bird?

SANDY
Make him my pet.

She puts the cup down, stands up and crosses to the
door again.

SANDY
Watch him.

She goes inside.

13. ANOTHER ANGLE

TED
She's pretty far-out, wouldn't
you say?

PETER
I don't know. Why?

TED
A seagull for a pet! Listen,
after he dies let's go up to the
point and swim.

PETER
Shall we ask her to come along?

TED
She'll probably have to attend
the funeral.

14. ANOTHER ANGLE

The screen door opens and Sandy comes out carrying a long piece of thin clothesline.

SANDY
Is he still alive?

TED
Three minutes to go!
(he winks at Peter)

SANDY
Go to hell.

She crosses to the bird, knots one end of the clothes-
line around his right leg. She takes the other end of
the line to the deck railing and loops it swiftly around
one of the stanchions. She stands up and puts her hands
on her hips.

SANDY
There!

TED
Very good. You've got a half-dead
bird tied to the deck railing.

PETER
(suddenly)
What's that in his neck there?
(he bends over the bird)

SANDY
Where?
(she bends over the bird)

PETER
There. What is that thing?

TED
(peering at the bird)
Where? I don't see anything---

SANDY
Oh God!

PETER
That's a fish hook. He's swallowed
a fish hook.

TED
Oh man! How come there's no blood?

SANDY

God, look at that! You'll have to take it out.

TED

Me? You're out of your mind!

SANDY

(to Peter)

Will you do it? Otherwise he'll die---

(their eyes meet for a moment)

Please!

Peter exhales a long breath.

PETER

I suppose I can try.

(to Ted)

Hold his beak open.

TED

Me? Uh-uh not me!

SANDY

Never mind, I'll hold him.

TED

All right, all right I'll do it---
I swear to God if he bites me---

PETER

Come on---open his beak!

SANDY

I'll hold his feet.

TED

We don't need anybody to hold his feet. Just keep the hell out of the way.

Ted makes a move towards the bird's head. The beak opens and closes. He draws his hand back. Finally he reaches out suddenly with both hands and grabs the beak, forcing it open.

TED

(to Peter)

Hurry up, pull the damn thing out!

Peter puts his hand down the bird's throat.

PETER
Jesus, it's caught in his neck!

SANDY
We know it's caught in his neck!

TED
Hurry up!

PETER
I can't hurry---I'll tear his
throat apart---

SANDY
Be careful---just ease it out---

PETER
That's what I'm trying to do---
wait---wait---it's coming---

He holds up his hand with the bloody fish hook hanging
from it. Blood begins to flow from the bird's throat,
staining its ruff.

SANDY
Oh Peter, you've saved his life!
(she throws her arms
around him and kisses
him)
Thank you!

PETER
You're welcome.

Sandy runs to the screen door.

TED
(calling after her)
How old are you?

SANDY
Fifteen!

She disappears inside.

15. FIREHOUSE. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

A Saturday night dance for teenagers is in progress.
The music comes from a portable stereo hi-fi record
player tuned deafeningly loud.

A series of shots showing the tanned, healthy kids of
the summer colony twisting and frugging. There are,
as always, a few wall-flowers of both sexes. Several
middle-aged couples act as chaperones.

Two gray-haired women sit at a card table near the door. Ted and Peter, wearing identical light blue knitted sport shirts, enter. They each pay fifty cents to get in. They sidle towards a corner and spend several moments casing the scene.

16. ANOTHER ANGLE

Across the room is a tall pretty girl standing on the rungs of one of the fire ladders. She is wearing a light blue sweater and chinos. Her red hair covers her head like a helmet---it is cut in bangs across her forehead and down close to the nape of her neck. The expression on her face is cool and sophisticated as if she has stumbled into these teen-age proceedings by accident and is bored to tears.

17. ANOTHER ANGLE

Peter spots the red-haired girl.

PETER

Who's that?

TED

Where?

PETER

There. On the ladder.

TED

The redhead? I don't know.

The girl looks their way but lets her gaze wander right past them.

PETER

Let's find out who she is.

They start around the mass of dancers towards the girl. She sees them coming and quickly half turns her back and looks in another direction. When they are about three feet away from her, she suddenly whirls around, bends almost double like a fast-draw gunman in a Western movie, draws an imaginary pistol and straight-arms it at them.

GIRL

Ha! Got you!

It is Sandy. She grins at them triumphantly. The boys grin and join her. They walk around her, admiring her wig.

PETER
Where'd you get it?

SANDY
It's my mother's.

TED
Wild!

SANDY
It cost three hundred and fifty dollars.

PETER
Where's your own hair?

SANDY
I've got it up with pins.

PETER
Under the wig?

SANDY
No, under my arm.

PETER
It's terrific.

SANDY
How old do I look?

TED
Seventy-two.

SANDY
Seriously.

PETER
She wants you to say nineteen.

TED
Nineteen.

SANDY
Do I really?

TED
You look like a fifteen-year-old girl wearing a red wig.

A boy nearby has been watching them. He steps closer to the three of them.

BOY
(to Sandy)
Is that a wig?

PETER
No, it's a locomotive.

BOY
What are you, a wise guy?

PETER
Yes, I'm a wise guy.

BOY
Think you're funny, don't you?

PETER
Yes, I think I'm funny.

BOY
You are a wise guy, aren't you?

SANDY
He's a very wise guy. And his
friend here is even wiser.

TED
We are the two wisest guys on
this whole island.

SANDY
(gesturing at the
dancers)
So why don't you run along and
join the rest of those grubby
little children?

BOY
(to Sandy)
Huh?

PETER
You heard what the lady said!

He and the boy stare at each other. Finally the boy
backs off and disappears in the crowd. Sandy, Ted and
Peter explode with laughter.

19. A new record begins to play and they move together onto
the floor and begin to frug. They are very good, very
handsome and very much dancing for each other as if
no one else exists on the floor. They attract more and
more attention from the other kids, as if there is

something special about them, something that sets the three of them apart. When the dance is over there is applause.

20. The next record is a slow romantic ballad. Peter takes Sandy in his arms and the two of them cling to each other, hang onto each other, barely moving. The lights have been dimmed a bit. The other kids are dancing the same way.

PETER

Sandy?

SANDY

Mmmmm?

PETER

Didn't you feel every kid in the firehouse was looking at us?

SANDY

Definitely.

PETER

I think they saw something special about us. As if there's a secret bond between us. Know what I mean?

SANDY

We performed a delicate piece of bird surgery together. That makes a bond.

PETER

And we all wore blue shirts tonight without even consulting each other.

SANDY

Oh we do look terrific, Peter---

PETER

It's as if the three of us--- generate a kind of electricity---

SANDY

God, I'm glad you feel that. That's exactly what I feel---

At this moment Ted cuts in. Sandy slides from Peter's arms into Ted's arms and clings to him in exactly the same way.

SANDY

I bought my bird a collar and a leash today.

TED

Who sells collars for birds?

SANDY

A dog's collar, silly. The smallest size. I can put extra holes in it.

TED

What do you want a collar on him for?

SANDY

To keep him from flying away. He's beginning to get pretty active.

TED

Do you really think you can train him?

SANDY

(nods)

Gulls are very intelligent.

TED

That's crows you're thinking about. Crows are very intelligent---

Peter comes up to them.

PETER

Let's split. Let's go over to the Blue Grotto for a gingerale.

BOOTH. BLUE GROTTTO. NIGHT. INTERIOR.

SANDY (wiggled)

I want a coke.

Peter
extras

TED

(quickly)

No she doesn't, Larry. She wants gingerale.

Sandy frowns at him.

Larry, the man who is taking their order, has a middle-aged, weathered face, deeply tanned, deep wrinkles about the eyes, suspiciously black hair.

LARRY

If the young lady wants a coke, she's going to get a coke.

TED
I'm sorry, Larry. This is Sandy.

LARRY
Hi, Sandy. Here for the weekend?

PETER
She's here for the summer. She's
in the Stern house.

TED
She's a very special friend of
ours---

LARRY
Sure now?

TED
Cross my heart, Larry. Three
gingerales and three hamburgers.
Could we please have the gingerales
first?

LARRY
Okay, Teddy-bear.

22 ANOTHER ANGLE

We see that the Blue Grotto consists of booths along
one side and a bar along the other. The walls are
hung with nets, lobster pots, oars, shells, mounted
fish, etc. ~~Another middle-aged man~~, pudgy with grey
hair, is behind the bar. There are only a few
customers at the moment.

AL
TED
(to Sandy, indicating
the bartender)
Larry and Hal own this place.
And the Marina. They clean up
here in the summers.

PETER
Larry helped me fix the engine
today---

TED
(to Sandy)
They know everything there is to
know about boats.

SANDY
(to Peter)
What kind do you have?

PETER
It's my father's. Fiber glass
sloop. Twenty-footer.

TED
(to Peter)
We'll have to take her out in it.

PETER
(to Sandy)
I can use it whenever I want to---
except on weekends.

Larry reappears with a tray on which are three large
paper cups. He puts them on the table.

LARRY
(to Ted)
Where'd you get the shirt?

TED
Porter's.

LARRY
Marvelous color on you.

TED
They've got plenty in stock if
you want one.

LARRY
I just might---

He crosses back to the kitchen. Sandy takes a drink
from her cup. The boys watch her. She doesn't bat
an eye. They wait. She doesn't say anything.

TED
Hits the spot, doesn't it?

PETER
Aren't you glad you didn't order
a coke?

Sandy shrugs.

TED
(insistent)
Bet it's the best gingerale you
ever had?

SANDY
It's okay.

Ted and Peter exchange looks. Ted picks up Sandy's cup and tastes her drink. Sandy bursts out laughing. Ted puts the cup down.

TED

Big joke.

SANDY

I knew what was going on right away.

TED

Oh yeah?

SANDY

How long has Larry been serving you gingerale?

TED

Since last year.

SANDY

He could get into terrible trouble.

PETER

Damn right he could, so you better keep your mouth shut.

SANDY

Does he do it for the other kids?

TED

Not on your life.

SANDY

Why you two?

PETER

He digs Ted.

TED

He used to give me sailing lessons when I was a little kid.

SANDY

Has he ever made a pass at you?

TED

(angry)

What the hell do you think I am?

PETER

He looks, that's all.

TED

Listen, Sandy, no kddding, this gingerale bit is strictly between us. Swear?

SANDY

I swear.

TED

We brought you here because we trust you.

PETER

Let's stick together all summer---
I mean really trust each other and
be honest with each other.

TED

I'm for that.

PETER

No secrets between us. We'll
tell each other everything.

SANDY

We'll be a triumvirate! We three
against the world!

Larry reappears and puts their hamburgers down in front of them. They each pick up a hamburger and take a big bite.

SANDY

I don't see why some people are
so mean about fags. They're
only doing their own thing.

The boys nod as they each take another huge bite.

23.

SANDY'S HOUSE
CLOSE SHOT. GULL ON DECK. DAY.

The gull, his neck bandaged, is standing on the deck near his cardboard box. His one leg is still tied to the railing. The gull crouches, peak thrust forward, wings back. Suddenly he springs into the air, opens his wings, flaps them wildly and as the clothesline is pulled tight is brought up short and falls on his head onto the deck. He gets to his feet and goes through the same process over again, this time squawking loudly. All during this we hear Sandy's mother's voice from inside the house.

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

---because he's ugly and dirty,
that's why! He's been making a
mess out there for a week. I just
don't want him there. He scares
my friends. I have people coming
here for drinks and I want that
bird off the deck---

The gull goes through its attempt to fly again and
again lands on his head.

We draw back to find Sandy, Peter and Ted sitting in a
row on the deck, watching the gull. None of them pay
any attention to what Sandy's mother is saying.

PETER

That must be the tenth time.
He's a pretty stupid bird.

SANDY

Give him time. He'll catch on.

The bird glares at them.

TED

Now he's really suspicious. He
figures there's some sort of
trick involved here.

The bird goes through his attempt to fly again and lands
on his head.

TED

He keeps that up he may have to
go into surgery again.

PETER

Brain surgery.

The bird staggers to his feet, stares at them balefully
and squawks.

TED

That means, you bastards, what's
the secret?

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Sandy! Are you moving that bird?
Sandy?

SANDY

(shouting)
He's not hurting anything.

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

I do not want that dirty bird on
the deck!

The bird begins to pace around the deck in the small
circle proscribed by the length of the line. Finally
he flutters up to the deck railing. Perched there he
pecks at the line around his leg. He flutters off
again and lands with a crashing blow on the deck.

TED

He's going to kill himself.

SANDY

No he isn't. He'll catch on.

The bird gathers himself together to fly again. This
time he flutters up and hovers in the air, without
attempting to fly off.

PETER

I think he's got it.

TED

By George, he's got it.

The bird drops quietly to the deck. Walks to his box,
takes a flying leap into it, squawks and hunches him-
self down into the newspaper scraps. Sandy crosses to
pat him on the head.

SANDY

See what a smart old bird he is!

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Sandy, I want you to put that bird
around in the back!

(a pause)

Do you hear me, Sandy?

Sandy doesn't answer. We hear her mother's voice
calling to someone in the house and although the words
are indistinguishable they sound angry. Sandy smiles
at the boys.

SANDY

Oh-oh, Snow White'll be out here
in a minute.

TED

Who's Snow White?

SANDY

He has "very fair skin." He
turns "lobster red in the sun."

24. The screen door slams and Mr. Caudell comes out on the deck. He is a short tubby man with reddish hair and a white complexion. He is wearing swimming trunks and a T shirt.

MR. CAUDELL

(to Sandy)

Hi.

SANDY

(cool)

Hi. Ted, Peter, Mr. Caudell.

The boys nod.

MR. CAUDELL

(heartily)

Hi, kids. Gorgeous day, isn't it?

SANDY

Going swimming?

MR. CAUDELL

Later on, when the sun's not so strong.

(to the boys)

I have very fair skin. I turn
lobster red in the sun.

Behind him Sandy looks at the boys and grins. A pause.

MR. CAUDELL

(still hearty)

I certainly envy you kids. I've
never been able to tan. Something
in the pigment of my skin.

(another pause)

Funny thing is I don't freckle much
either. I just burn.

(pause)

From looking at me you'd think I'd
freckle, wouldn't you? I mean---
with this red hair and all---

There is another pause. Mr. Caudell looks uncomfortable.

MR. CAUDELL

Sandy dear, your mother wants me to
help you move that bird off the deck.

SANDY

We don't need any help.

MR. CAUDELL

Why don't you tie him up in the back of the house? He'll probably be happier there.

SANDY

What has my mother got against this bird?

MR. CAUDELL

(he peers at the bird
who peers back with a
beady yellow eye)

Well---he looks kind of menacing.
She says he'll scare off her friends.

SANDY

In my opinion---that would be a
great service!

She picks up the bird. Motions Peter to pick up the box, jumps off the deck and starts around to the back of the house. The boys follow her.

25

BACK OF THE HOUSE.

A small open shed which covers a couple of large garbage cans sits in the sand nearby. Sandy and the boys come around and survey the scene.

PETER

If you're the kind of stupid bird who keeps falling on your head, it's better to do it in a sandpile.

TED

Besides, he eats garbage so it's convenient to be near the garbage cans.

SANDY

(indicating one of the posts of the shed)

I suppose we can tie him up there.

She puts the bird down and Ted helps her knot its rope around the post.

TED

Is your mother divorced?

SANDY

(nods)

Personally I think she's sleeping
with Snow White.

TED

Personally I think that's a
nauseating thought.

SANDY

Maybe we can teach my bird to
bite him.

PETER

Where do you have in mind?

SANDY

On the ass is where I have in
mind.

25 A SANDY'S HOUSE AND DECK. EXTERIOR. DAY.

RAIN

It is raining. The screen door to the deck opens and
Sandy comes out. She is wearing a bikini and carrying
a rolled-up poncho. As she starts across the deck we
hear her mother's voice shouting from inside the house.

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

Sandy! You come right back here
and clean up your room!

SANDY

I'll do it later---

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

I want you to do it now! I can't
stand the way it looks!

SANDY

(continuing across the
deck)

Then don't look at it!

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

What did you say?

Sandy gets to the railing and starts to climb over.

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

(furious)

Sandy! Come back here this minute!

Sandy drops the few feet to the sand beneath the deck.

26. UNDER THE DECK.

Ted and Peter are crouched under the deck. They are wearing swimming trunks and each carrying a rolled-up poncho. Ted is also carrying a furlled beach umbrella.

SANDY

(low voice)

What a drag.

PETER

We'll wait for you if you want---

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)

(screaming)

Sandy! Sandy!

TED

She sure sounds mad.

PETER

What'll she do when you get back?

SANDY

What can she do? Come on, for God's sake, let's go---

They sneak around under the deck and onto the beach.

27. BEACH.

The three of them have walked far up the beach. It is deserted in the rain and there are no more houses in sight. They stop. The two boys put their ponchos down and set up the beach umbrella. They empty rolled towels and sweaters from the ponchos and put the things under the umbrella. They drape the ponchos over the umbrella making a sort of tent with a flap open towards the ocean. They crawl inside.

28. INSIDE THE TENT.

They spread Sandy's poncho over the sand floor of the tent and sit down. They dry themselves and put on sweatshirts. Finally when they are settled down cross-legged on the poncho, Ted carefully unrolls another towel. Inside it is a plastic pouch. He opens it and takes out something wrapped in Kleenex. He unfolds the Kleenex and reveals three short joints. Peter and Sandy stare at them.

PETER

You said you only had two.

TED

Stole another one this morning.

PETER

Won't they miss it?

TED

They turned on last night. I figure they didn't take inventory before they went to bed.

Sandy picks up a joint and examines it curiously.

SANDY

How often do they turn on?

TED

Mostly on weekends. Depends who comes out for the weekend.

SANDY

Where do they get the stuff?

TED

(shrugs)

I can't ask because I'm not supposed to know they have it.

SANDY

They must figure you're pretty dumb.

TED

(laughs)

They open all the windows and they think I don't smell it. Even the maid smells it. She knows what it is too.

SANDY

Well come on, let's get going---

Ted takes a pack of matches out of the plastic pouch. They each pick up a joint and light up, Sandy first. They puff on the joints.

Like one at a time + pass around.

TED

(to Sandy)

You're not doing it right. For God's sake, you're wasting it. Now watch me---

He demonstrates again while the other two watch. Then they imitate him.

TED

That's better. Draw it way in---
way in---that's right.

PETER

Now, it's tricky---

TED

Keep the side of your mouth open,
see---draw in air the same time
you draw in the smoke---

SANDY

(doing it)
How's that?

TED

That's good.

SANDY

I don't feel anything yet.

TED

Takes about a minute if you do
it right---

During the following they continue to smoke the joints
with much exaggerated drawing in of breaths, etc.

SANDY

(to Ted)
How many times have you turned on?

TED

Frankly, just once. The kids who
had it got caught and thrown out
of school.

(to Peter)

How do you feel?

PETER

Boy, it's like three Martinis!

SANDY

You ever had three Martinis?

Peter shakes his head. They all laugh.

PETER

(to Sandy who is staring
at him intently)
What are you looking at?

SANDY

The acne on your chin.

PETER

(hurt)

I can't help it. I'm an adolescent.

SANDY

But it's beautiful. It looks like
a little flower garden. Pink
carnations!

PETER

Go to hell.

Sandy giggles.

TED

That's what pot does. It makes
everything look fabulous. It
makes food taste better and music
sound better---that's the point
of it.

SANDY

(giggles)

I feel groovy. I'd feel completely
groovy if my top wasn't wet.

TED

Know something? I like girls who
say things like my top is wet.

SANDY

I only said it under the influence
of pot.

TED

Why don't you take off your top?

SANDY

(rolling her eyes)

Oh ho!

PETER

(suddenly)

Remember we promised to be honest
with each other all the time?

SANDY

We certainly did---

PETER

Major truth: I'm thinking about
Sandy's top.

TED

Oh for Christ sake---

SANDY

(giggles)

What's wrong---he's supposed to tell the truth.

(to Peter)

What about my top?

PETER

Nothing. Just that it's wet, that's all.

SANDY

Do you want me to take it off?

PETER

I don't know. Do you, Ted?

TED

(to Sandy)

Oh take the damn thing off if you want to.

SANDY

Well, does Peter want me to?

PETER

Yeah, sure, go ahead. I don't care.

SANDY

It's not such a big deal, you know.

She reaches up under her sweatshirt to unclasp her bikini top. She pulls the top out from under the sweatshirt and throws it on the poncho.

SANDY

Oh man, that feels one hundred per cent better!

TED

Here's a major truth for you. My mother has a boy friend.

SANDY

How do you know?

TED

I saw him.

SANDY

With her?

Ted nods.

PETER

In bed?

Ted nods.

SANDY

Were they doing it?

TED

Yep.

SANDY

When you came in?

TED

I didn't go in. They didn't
see me.

PETER

Who was he?

TED

I don't know.

PETER

Where was your father?

TED

At his office.

PETER

Boy!

TED

We were supposed to have a game
that afternoon but it was called
because the field was wet---which
is how I happened to get home
early---

SANDY

What'd you do when you saw them?

TED

I just went out and walked around
for two hours.

PETER

Boy!

SANDY

My joint went out.

TED

Oh for God's sake---

(he strikes a match
and lights it for her)

Keep drawing on it---

(she does)

You're not taking in enough air---

SANDY

(draws on the joint
again and exhales
slowly)

I'll tell you a major truth.

Snow White once got funny with me.

PETER

What do you mean?

SANDY

He put his hand under my skirt.

TED

What did you do?

SANDY

What could I do?

TED

You could have screamed or something.

SANDY

We were in our living room---

PETER

In your own house?

SANDY

Sure, my mother was out in the
kitchen.

PETER

And he just stuck his hand under
your skirt?

SANDY

Well---sneaked it under. Then he
said something like "you're a very
pretty little girl, Sandra" or
some such crap.

PETER

My God, I'll never be able to
look him in the eye again.

TED

Why not? It wasn't your skirt
he put his hand under.

SANDY

Okay now, Peter, you owe us a
major truth.

PETER

Okay, I'm thinking---
(a pause)

TED

Well, go ahead---

PETER

Okay, I---I flunked geometry when
I was a soph.

SANDY

No fair!

TED

If a person is asked to tell his
trusted friends a major truth,
he doesn't tell them something
stupid like he flunked geometry
when he was a soph.

PETER

I can't think of anything---

SANDY

You've got to---
(a pause)

TED

Hurry up. Don't be chicken---

PETER

Well, I---I---listen, it's never
going to go beyond the three of
us, is it?

SANDY

We made a pact, didn't we? Tell us.

PETER

It's pretty disgusting.

TED
How bad can it be?

PETER
Well, it's pretty awful.

TED
What is it?

PETER
Well, I made Ritz cracker sandwiches
out of cream cheese and snot and
gave them to my cousin to eat.

Ted and Sandy burst into peals of laughter. Peter looks surprised.

TED
(hardly able to speak
through his laughter)
Jesus, that's a great idea!

PETER
(relieved)
Well, it was pretty disgusting.

SANDY
(holding her stomach
as she rocks with
hilarity)
I've got a cousin I'd like to do
that to.

TED
Me too. Only it wouldn't be snot!

He and Sandy burst out laughing again, rolling over on the poncho, doubling up, pummeling each other, almost knocking down the umbrella. Peter grabs the handle and straightens it. They snatch at him, pull him down with them and roll about in a laughing hysterical roughhouse of arms and legs. This time the umbrella does collapse.

29. BEACH. EXTERIOR.

It has stopped raining. We see the collapsed umbrella and ponchos bobbing and squirming. Ted emerges first and runs towards the water, shedding his sweater as he goes. Peter chases him, tearing off his own sweater. Sandy comes last. She pulls her sweatshirt over her head and nude-breasted plunges into the water with them. The three of them swim out, racing towards the horizon.

30

COVE

SAILBOAT. EXTERIOR DAY.

It is a clear sunny beautiful day. The boat is skimming along in the wind. Ahead we can see a small island, its crescent shape enclosing a small cove.

Peter is at the tiller. Sandy, in a lacy bikini, is sunbathing, stretched out on the deck. The gull is tied to a cleat just aft of the cockpit, staring into the wind.

Overhead a flock of gulls goes by squawking. Sandy's gull squawks loudly in reply.

SANDY

(lazily)

Oh shut up, bird.

The boat sails into the cove. The two of them haul down the sails and anchor it.

SANDY

Let's not go in right away. I want to show you something.

She takes her beach bag out of the cockpit, reaches into it for a brochure which she hands to Peter. On the cover in large blue letters is the line "INTRODUCING SELECTA-DATE."

PETER

What is it?

SANDY

All you have to do is fill out the questionnaire and you can be computer programmed for a date.

PETER

Where'd you get it?

SANDY

I saw an ad and sent for it.

PETER

(reading)

" . . . you will find that perfect date who will complement your personality, your likes and dislikes, your outlooks and ideals, your physical tastes---"

SANDY

Let's fill it out and screw up the machine!

Peter glances at the brochure again. He hesitates.

PETER
It costs ten bucks.

SANDY
That's three dollars and thirty-five cents each. Ted'll go along with it, don't you think?

PETER
We can ask him when he gets back.

SANDY
Let's fill out the questionnaire anyway, just for kicks. If Ted doesn't want to---we won't mail it.

PETER
Okay.

Sandy takes a magazine and a ballpoint pen out of her bag. She props the magazine on her knees with the questionnaire on top of it. Peter sits down on the deck close beside her.

SANDY
Age first. How old shall I say I am?
(Peter is staring down the top of her bikini)
Peter?

PETER
What?

SANDY
How old shall I be?

PETER
Twenty-two.

Sandy circles the number.

SANDY
Height. Shall I be short or tall? I am tall so I'd better say short, don't you think? Five-three?

Peter's eyes are still on her bikini top. There is an odd look on his face.

SANDY
Peter, what's the matter with you?

PETER

Say five-three.

SANDY

I'm going to circle "ample build"
with "black hair" and "blue eyes"---

PETER

You have blue eyes.

SANDY

Oh that's right! Oh well, leave
it---

(she looks at him
again)

How about my ancestry? Shall I
say Chinese and Jewish?

Peter doesn't answer.

SANDY

(accusingly)

You're not thinking about this
at all.

PETER

I'm thinking about that day you
went in the water without your
top.

SANDY

Oh yeah.

(she grins)

Some show, huh?

PETER

Well, I think it was.

SANDY

Shall we fill this thing out or not?

PETER

Sure, let's fill it out.

SANDY

Should I be "very bright,"
"bright" or "average"?

PETER

What are you?

SANDY

All right, you asked me so don't
think I'm boasting---my I.Q.'s
157.

He doesn't answer. His eyes are fixed on her bikini again.

SANDY

Did you hear me, Peter?

(he doesn't answer)

Peter, what the hell is the matter with you?

PETER

Well, if you really want to know, I was pretty interested that day.

SANDY

What day?

PETER

The day you took off your top.

SANDY

Oh.

(she circles something
on the questionnaire)

It's perfectly all right that you were interested. I don't mind.

PETER

I'm glad you don't mind.

SANDY

In fact, I'm flattered.

(she taps the
questionnaire
with her pen)

Come on, let's finish this.

PETER

No, I want to settle this other thing first.

SANDY

(puzzled)

What's there to---

(she frowns at him)

PETER

It's still on my mind. We promised to tell each other the truth and that's the truth.

SANDY

(shrugging)

Well, what about it?

PETER

I want you to do it again.

SANDY

Do what? Take off my top?

Peter nods. He swallows and looks away from her.

SANDY

Oh boy.

PETER

Well, that's what's on my mind.

SANDY

Oh boy.

(she stares at him)

PETER

I don't understand you. Didn't you know Ted and I would---

SANDY

No I didn't.

PETER

Well, what'd you expect?

SANDY

(angry)

I didn't expect anything!

PETER

It's just that I don't know what's supposed to happen here.

SANDY

Happen?

PETER

Yes. Between us.

SANDY

Between us?

PETER

Jesus, Sandy, must you repeat---

SANDY

I don't understand you, damn it. Talk straight, will you?

PETER

Are we supposed to---are Ted and I supposed to---

SANDY
What?

PETER
Do things?

SANDY
(quickly)
No.

PETER
Then what do you expect us to
think when you take off your top
like that?

SANDY
(quickly)
Nothing.

PETER
Then why'd you do it?

SANDY
Because it didn't matter to me
one way or another.

PETER
Well---it got me excited---
(he looks away from her)

SANDY
I don't know what to do about that.

PETER
I don't either.

SANDY
If you're going to be thinking
about my breasts all the goddamned
time---

PETER
I don't think about them all the
goddamned time. I just happen to
be thinking about them now.
(defensive)
That bikini doesn't hide much.

SANDY
All the kids wear bikinis. Why
don't you think about them?

PETER
I never saw them without their
tops.

SANDY

(angry)

And you won't ever see me again
either.

PETER

You just said it didn't matter
one way or another.

SANDY

Never mind what I said. To hell
with what I said.

PETER

Okay.

SANDY

Okay!

A long pause. Finally Sandy sighs. She puts down the
magazine and questionnaire and reaches behind her back.

PETER

(his voice very low)

Listen, let's forget it.

SANDY

No.

PETER

Sandy---

SANDY

I want you to see me. Don't be
afraid.

PETER

I'm not.

SANDY

You're lying.

PETER

All right. I am afraid.

SANDY

Of what?

PETER

That I'll do something to you.

SANDY

You won't.

PETER
How---do you know?

SANDY
I won't let you.

She takes off her top and tosses it onto the deck. Peter glances at her breasts. He raises his eyes to hers. She gives him a small half smile. He drops his eyes and stares at her breasts. Sandy picks up the magazine and the questionnaire and props them on her knees.

SANDY
All right. Should my date be
Negro, Caucasian or Oriental?
(Peter is staring at
her breasts)
Peter? Peter?

PETER
(hoarsely)
Puerto Rican.

SANDY
(enthusiastic)
Terrific! That'll really screw
them up!

She writes on the questionnaire.

31. BEACH.

The gull has a thin nylon line tied to a loop in its collar. The rest of the fifty feet of line is loosely coiled on the sand, the other end of it tied to a heavy piece of driftwood.

Sandy, Ted and Peter keep running up to the bird in turn, flapping their hands in flying motions and shouting "Shoo, bird!" or "Let's go, bird!" or "Fly, bird!" They do it over and over in various tones of voices, cajoling, pleading, angry, menacing. The gull stares at them unblinking, not moving a feather. Finally they stop and stare back at him.

PETER
He thinks we're crazy.

TED
We are crazy.

Sandy walks over to the bird. She puts her hands on her hips and stands over him, narrowing her eyes threateningly.

SANDY

Listen, bird, we want you to fly.

TED

That's it. Talk to him. You're sure to get results that way.

SANDY

(ignores Ted, her voice stern)

You hear me, bird? You're going to fly.

The bird stares at her.

TED

He hears you.

SANDY

Shut up!

TED

(to the gull)

You hear her, bird?

SANDY

(furious)

Come on, you damn bird!

She picks him up in both hands and throws him violently into the air. The gull takes wing for an instant, then immediately flutters back to the beach.

SANDY

We'll have to take turns.

PETER

Doing what?

SANDY

Throwing him up.

TED

Look, Ma. I'm throwing up a seagull.

Sandy walks over to the gull and crouches down beside him.

SANDY

(softly to the gull)

Listen, bird, I'm going to keep tossing you up in the air until you start flying, you hear me?

TED
(high falsetto voice)
I hear you, Miss Scarlett.

Sandy picks up the bird. She flings him into the air.
He takes wing as before and flutters immediately down
again.

PETER
(to Ted)
What do you think, Wilbur?

TED
You'll never get that crate off
the ground, Orville.

Sandy walks over to the gull again.

SANDY
Bird, you are making me very
angry.

TED
(falsetto)
Please don't be angry, Miss
Scarlett.

SANDY
You are going to fly.

TED
(falsetto)
Yes, Miss Scarlett.

SANDY
(pointing towards
the sky)
Up there.

She throws him into the air again. Again he flutters
right down.

PETER
He's the same brilliant bird he
always was.

SANDY
He's a stupid goddamned idiot!

32. GIRL'S VOICE (RHODA)
(calling)
What do you think you're doing
to that bird?

They turn. A girl with short dark hair has come over the dune and is standing a few feet away looking at them. She is wearing a bathing suit. Her skin is still white as if she has only recently arrived on the island, her figure solid and full breasted. A Polaroid camera hangs from a strap over her shoulder. Her name is Rhoda and she is fifteen years old.

RHODA

(calling again)

What are you doing to that bird?

SANDY

(shouting)

None of your damn business!

The girl starts towards them. She stops about three feet away. As she gets closer we can see that she has a great many freckles, and when she speaks, braces glint across her upper teeth.

RHODA

You'd just better leave that bird alone.

SANDY

He's my bird.

RHODA

That doesn't give you the right to torture him.

Ted, Peter and Sandy look at each other. Sandy sighs loudly.

TED

(to Rhoda)

Get lost, will you?

RHODA

Not until you take that collar off that bird.

She folds her arms across her chest, her face stoney. Nobody moves.

RHODA

Are you going to leave that bird alone or do I have to report you to the ASPCA?

SANDY

Oh---go suck your mother's tit!

Rhoda gasps and backs up a few paces.

SANDY

Go on---get the hell out of here!

RHODA

It's a free country.

SANDY

This is a private beach.

RHODA

It is not. None of this beach is private. It's all dedicated to the public.

SANDY

(to the boys)

Come on, let's get back to bird training.

RHODA

Over my dead body.

Sandy gives her a contemptuous glance. She picks up the gull and tosses him into the air. He flutters to the ground. A pause. They all look at the bird.

RHODA

(to Sandy)

Exactly what are you trying to do?

Sandy doesn't answer.

RHODA

(to Peter)

What is she trying to do?

TED

Train him to fly.

RHODA

Doesn't he know how to fly?

PETER

He seems to have forgotten how to fly.

RHODA

A bird cannot forget how to fly. It's instinctive.

TED

This bird has been walking a long time.

PETER

He also happens to be a very dumb bird.

SANDY

He is not dumb.

RHODA

Perhaps he prefers walking.

SANDY

Who the hell asked you?

RHODA

I'm merely offering my opinion.

SANDY

We don't need your opinion.

RHODA

(to Peter)

How'd he learn to walk anyway?

PETER

We taught him.

RHODA

That's the answer then. You've traumatized him.

TED

We've what?

RHODA

You've taken away his sense of identity.

TED

I don't follow you.

RHODA

He doesn't know he's a bird any more. Look at him squatting there. He probably thinks he's a crab.

SANDY

He knows exactly what he is. He's a bird.

(she crouches down
beside the gull and
addresses him)

You're a bird.

TED
(falsetto)
Yes, Miss Scarlett.

SANDY
(to the gull)
And birds fly.

TED
(falsetto)
Yes, Miss Scarlett.

SANDY
Now fly!

She grabs the gull and tosses him into the air again. He flies. He soars up into the sky. The nylon line begins to play out. Finally the flying gull has pulled it taut against the piece of driftwood.

PETER
Now what?

SANDY
Now we yank him down.

RHODA
(shouting)
Don't you dare! You'll break his neck!

TED
Wait a minute---
(he takes hold of
the nylon line)
I'll play him in gently like a kite.

He begins to ease the bird down, pulling the line hand over hand, forcing the gull lower and lower until at last he flaps down into the sand.

SANDY
(exultant)
Good bird!
(she pats the gull
on the head)
Give him some garbage, somebody.

Peter picks up a greasy brown paper bag, reaches into it and tosses the bird a piece of orange peel. The bird swallows it whole.

SANDY

(picking up the bird)

Okay, here we go again, good bird!

She throws him into the air. He flaps down immediately.

SANDY

(furious)

You goddamned stupid bird!

RHODA

He can't help it. You've turned him into a schizophrenic.

TED

(bored)

Let's go for a swim.

RHODA

I don't know how to swim.

TED

I wasn't asking you.

SANDY

(to Rhoda)

Are you still here?

TED

Maybe he'll try it himself if we leave him alone.

PETER

Come on, let's go in the water---

RHODA

I don't know how to swim.

SANDY

Okay, it's hot as hell---

(she turns to Rhoda)

Now listen you, don't you touch my bird, do you hear?

RHODA

I have no intention of touching your bird.

SANDY

Well, don't stand around and psychoanalyze him either.

Sandy joins hands with the boys. They sprint across the beach and plunge into the water. They start to swim, good strong crawls, side by side out towards the horizon.

33. Hurt and envious, Rhoda stands watching them. Finally she sits down on the sand beside the bird, her eyes still on the swimmers. Finally Sandy and the boys begin to surface dive and duck each other in the water. The sounds of their shouts and laughter drift over to Rhoda. She continues to watch for a moment. Then she looks at the gull squatting beside her. She picks up her camera and squints through it.

RHODA

(softly)

Here bird, look at me, bird.

(she snaps his picture)

34. CU SMALL BLACKBOARD SANDY'S KITCHEN

A note is written on it in chalk. We hear Sandy's voice reading it aloud.

SANDY (V.O.)

Darling, I have gone into the city to meet Mr. Caudell for dinner. Money on table for yours. Will catch early boat back tomorrow morning. Love, Mother.

We draw back to find Sandy, Ted and Peter in the kitchen of Sandy's house. They are wearing still damp bathing suits and have just come in from the beach.

SANDY

"To meet Mr. Caudell for dinner."
How do you like that for a euphemism?

TED

What's a euphemism?

SANDY

(crosses to the refrigerator)

Honestly! How do you get along on such a limited vocabulary?

TED

The girls I meet in the winter use sign language.

SANDY

I bet!

She takes out three cokes and brings them over to the table. A twenty dollar bill is lying there anchored under a sugar bowl.

PETER

(getting a bottle opener
off a hook on the wall)

A euphemism means saying something
kind of nicely when you really
mean something not so nice.
(he opens the cokes)

SANDY

(to Ted)

Why can't she be honest and say
she's gone into the city to screw
that little creep?

TED

Careful, he may be your Daddy
someday!

SANDY

(laughs)

She wouldn't give up her alimony
to marry him. She wouldn't give
up her alimony to marry anybody.

PETER

(passing the cokes
around)

Not even if she fell in love?

Sandy shakes her head.

SANDY

She says she's going to make my
father pay till she dies.

(she takes a long
swallow of the coke)

Hey, I've got a great idea. Let's
go over to the mainland for
lobster and a movie.

She waves the twenty dollar bill at them.

35. MOVIE THEATRE. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

A full shot showing the three of them seated rather close to the front of a half empty small town film theatre. During the following sequence we see them

in the light reflected from the screen. A film is in progress and we can see that their attention is riveted to what they are watching.

We never see the film ourselves but only the reactions of the three kids. The sound track is in Swedish and must be explicitly (in sound) a love scene which builds to an erotic-audio climax. Perhaps there are more than two people involved. We may hear the voices of two women and one man---there are appropriate sounds of undressing, sighs, moans, increasingly rapid breathing, etc.--all leading to an on-screen climax to coincide with the climax of our scene.

The boys have changed to chinos and sport shirts. Sandy is wearing a mini-skirt, her long tanned slender legs almost totally revealed. After the opening three shot camera moves in and begins a slow pan down Sandy's arm to reveal in an ECU that one of her hands is holding Ted's. Camera then moves slowly across her lap to her other hand, tightly in Peter's grip.

As the erotic nature of the off-camera sound track becomes increasingly evident, a series of unhurried cuts showing the concentration of each of the kids, their reactions to what is happening on the screen, the beginnings of their own arousal. These individual CUs are intercut with ECUs of the interlocking fingers of their hands, knuckles whitening, etc., etc., ending with an ECU of Sandy's face as we hear the first really sexual moan from the screen. In response to this Sandy brings her two hands together over her lower lap along with Ted's and Peter's hands. The effect of this conjoining slowly moving knot of four hands must be one of extreme sensuality.

Suddenly Sandy gasps slightly. Peter's eyes drop from the screen for the first time and we cut to his POV to show Ted's free hand inching under Sandy's sweater and slowly approaching her bra. After a moment and a glance around to see that no one is watching, Peter's hand begins to climb up under Sandy's sweater from his side. Now in the flickering light from the screen, the sexiness of the Bergmanesque track increasing, we see the shapes of the boys' hands under Sandy's sweater, covering her breasts. A series of ECUs of their faces as their own sexual tension affecting each of them differently, reaches new heights.

As both boys cover her breasts with their hands and tentatively touch her nipples, Sandy's breath comes faster. She crosses and uncrosses her legs. Everything that is being done to her is reflected on her face and the boys' faces but none of them, even for an instant, removes his eyes from the screen.

When the scene has reached an almost unbearable sexual tension of its own, we cut to:

36.

TOWN STREET. EXTERIOR. NIGHT.

The street is dark and deserted except for a small neon-lighted bar. Ted, Sandy and Peter are walking along towards the ferry slip.

SANDY

There was something phoney about that picture. I mean if the point was that all that running around and fooling around is so awful then why did it seem so exciting?

PETER

That's exactly what I thought!

SANDY

Maybe the excitement had nothing to do with the movie---

The boys look at each other but say nothing.

SANDY

Maybe it had to do with touching me and making me feel so sexy
I thought I would faint---

Suddenly three boys loom out of the darkness coming towards them. They are swaggering along in loose-hipped imitation of teenage hoodlums. They look like the perfect stereotype of black leather-jacketed youths but they are wearing T shirts and levis.

37

ANOTHER ANGLE

Ted, Sandy and Peter come to a sudden stop. They stare at the trio coming towards them. Suddenly without a word to each other, they turn and run in the opposite direction. The townies whoop loudly and race after them.

FIRST TOWNIE

Hey, Long Legs! Wait up!

SECOND TOWNIE

Come on, Long Legs, we ain't goin' to hurt you!

THRID TOWNIE

Get rid of them two Queers!

Ted, Sandy and Peter burst out laughing without slowing their pace.

PETER

Hit them with your purse, Ted!

38. Laughing wildly they run down streets, around corners, across vacant lots strewn with rubbish with the townies clattering behind them screaming "Come on, honey, we got something for you" and "Slow down, baby, you'll love it!"

39. Finally Ted, Sandy and Peter turn a corner and pause for breath.

TED

Do we stand and fight?

SANDY

Shit no!

They hear the townies coming.

PETER

Let's go, gang!

This time they run faster and in dead earnest. The distance between them and the townies lengthens. We see the ferry slip ahead with the ferry waiting. They dash up the gangplank and out onto the deck.

40. FERRY DECK. EXTERIOR. NIGHT. AT DOCK.

Ted, Sandy and Peter are standing at the railing just as the townies arrive panting on the dock.

SANDY

(screaming at them)

Goodnight lovers!

The other passengers stare as they thumb their noses at the three on the dock.

42. ANOTHER ANGLE

The ferry is halfway to the island. Ted, Sandy and Peter are standing arms locked and singing in low voices. Sandy's golden hair glimmers in the starlight. They all look happy and exhilarated.

TED

(to Sandy when the song is over)

Did you really almost faint?

Sandy nods briefly with an odd embarrassment.
Spontaneously the boys kiss her on each cheek.

43.

PETER'S HOUSE. EXTERIOR. NIGHT.

It is very dark. We can barely see the outlines of the house which like Sandy's is set back on the dunes and surrounded by a large deck.

Peter is walking along the beach towards the house under the moonless sky. He heads up towards the house and climbs the stairs to the deck. He stumbles over something soft and dark. We hear Peter's exclamation and a groan.

PETER

Dad! Dad! I didn't see you.

The body mumbles. Peter stoops down.

PETER

Did I hurt you?

The body mumbles again. Peter tries to prop it upright.

PETER

Why're you sitting out here?

Were you asleep?

(no sound from his
father)

Dad---it's me. It's Peter.

FATHER

(a deep hoarse whisper)

Oh Peter.

PETER

Come on, Dad, it's late. I'll help you inside.

(he struggles to get
his father upright)

Dad, come on, stand up.

FATHER

Oh Peter---

After several moments during which we hear Peter breathing hard with exertion and some vague mumblings from his father interspersed with a soft groan or two, Peter finally gets the man to his feet. With Peter supporting his weight, the two of them move slowly up the stairs and over the deck. In the lamplight from inside we can see the slumping man, his eyes closed, his head lolling on his neck and Peter's set expressionless face.

PETER'S HOUSE. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

Peter pushes open the screen door and they go inside. They cross the living room slowly and proceed down a hall. Peter stops outside a closed door. He turns the knob quietly. The door does not open. He turns the knob again, harder, and thrusts his body against the door. It is clear that the door is locked.

Supporting his father, Peter goes down the hall and into a dark room. We can make out the outlines of a bed. He eases his father down on the bed.

FATHER

Oh Peter, oh Peter---

Peter switches on the light beside the bed. We are obviously in a guest room, attractively furnished but very neat, no sign of a steady occupant. In the lamp-light we see that Peter's father is a man in his forties, a little paunchy around the middle, a man who has gone soft all over, especially in his face. There are deep circles under his puffy eyes, his cheeks and jowls are bloated and yet there are still remnants of the handsome man he must have been. His blond hair falls over his eyes in bangs---that and a cow-lick standing upright on his head give him a curiously boyish look.

Peter takes off his father's shoes and socks. Then he loosens his belt and pulls off his slacks.

FATHER

(in a steady low
monotone)

Oh Peter, oh Peter, oh Peter,
oh Peter, oh Peter---

Peter pulls him upright and supports him as he unbuttons his sport shirt and takes it off.

FATHER

Oh Peter, oh Peter, oh Peter,
oh Peter, oh Peter, oh Peter,
oh Peter---

His head lolls forward. Tears are running out of his closed eyes and down his cheeks. Peter helps him lie back on the pillow.

PETER

Dad? Dad, do you want anything?

FATHER
Oh Peter---

PETER
A drink of water or anything?

FATHER
Oh Peter, oh Peter, oh Peter---

Peter crosses to the closet. When he opens it we see a row of empty quilted hangers. He takes an extra blanket off the shelf, crosses back to the bed and spreads it over his father. Gently he brings the blanket up to the man's chin. We have the impression of an adult putting a child to bed. The man is silent now, inhaling long laborious breaths. He is asleep.

Peter stands looking down at him. Suddenly he bends and kisses him lightly on the cheek.

PETER
(softly)
Good night, Dad.

He switches out the bed light, crosses the room, goes out and closes the door.

46. CU GULL ON BEACH. EXTERIOR. DAY.

It is standing on the sand, unblinking and quiet, the red collar around its neck, the nylon line attached to the collar.

SANDY (V.O.)
We've got to try it without the line.

[Her hands come into the frame as she removes the collar from the bird's neck.]

TED (V.O.)
Goodbye, gull.

We draw back to find Sandy, Ted and Peter standing around the gull. Sandy has tossed the collar to the ground. The other end of the nylon line is still attached to a piece of driftwood.

The gull peers up at them, seemingly unaware that the collar has been removed. They back away from him and he begins following them up the beach, walking sedately, never once attempting to fly.

PETER
He's the stupidest bird in the world.

SANDY
Shhhh.

TED
Let's rush him.

SANDY
No, just be quiet.

They squat in the sand around the bird. The bird stares at them. They stare at the bird. Suddenly the bird takes wing. He soars up into the sky, his wings angled gracefully. He swoops about in descending arcs, then nudges himself higher and higher and away until he is a small dot in the sky.

TED
He's gone.

SANDY
No, wait.

They stand shoulder to shoulder staring up at the sky for a long moment. Finally the dot grows larger. The bird seems to be coming towards them. He flies closer and closer, flaps his wings to brake his fall and drops on the sand at their feet.

They grin at each other with triumph.

SANDY
(whispering to Peter)
Feed him, quick!

Peter reaches into the bag of garbage and throws the gull a piece of bread. The gull gobbles it down at once.

SANDY
Now head up the beach! Fast!
Run!

They begin running, Sandy in the lead. The gull sits unmoving on the sand where they have left him.

PETER
Come on, bird!

TED
Come on!

The gull thrusts his head forward and runs several steps after them. Suddenly he takes flight again. They wait. This time he does not go so far. He circles over their heads, then brakes and drops at their feet again. Quickly Peter throws him an apple core.

SANDY

He knows!

At this moment a flock of gulls appear in the sky. The gull joins the flock, swooping and diving and circling.

TED

Goodbye, gull.

SANDY

This is the real test.

Cawing and shrieking in anticipation of food, the flock comes to rest on the beach.

SANDY

Don't move. Don't give them anything.

The gulls walk about, pecking at the sand and driftwood. After a while they take wing again except one gull, Sandy's, waiting patiently for his reward. Peter tosses him a handful of garbage.

SANDY

(triumphantly)

Isn't that something? Isn't he brilliant? He's trained!

She walks towards him and reaches out her hand to pat him on the head. As her hand comes near him the gull lifts his beak and bites her. Sandy yanks back her hand, a look of startled rage on her face.

SANDY

(shrieking)

You fucking idiot!

Almost immediately her expression changes. She looks down at her hand and smiles stiffly.

SANDY

It's only a scratch, men.

TED

Is the skin broken?

SANDY
No.

PETER
(apologetically)
He was eating.

SANDY
He almost ate me!

She laughs and replaces the collar around the gull's neck. Then cheerfully to the gull:

SANDY
Come on, bird---

They walk back towards Sandy's house.

47. TENNIS COURT. EXTERIOR. DAY.

The court is behind Ted's house. The house itself is large and comfortable looking. Ted's mother and father, a couple in their mid-forties, are on the court. Also a younger woman of about thirty. They are desultorily hitting the ball back and forth. Ted comes out of the house and crosses towards them.

FATHER
(calling)
Step on it, Ted!

MOTHER
(calling)
We're waiting for you!

TED
I can't play, Dad.

FATHER
We need you.

Ted comes out onto the court.

TED
I've got to go over to Sandy's right away---

MOTHER
Is something the matter?

TED
Her pet gull disappeared.

Pet what? YOUNGER WOMAN

TED
Seagull. We saved its life and
trained it---and now it's gone.

YOUNGER WOMAN
I didn't know you could tame
seagulls---

FATHER
You play one set until Bill gets
here---

TED
Dad, the kids are waiting for me!
Every minute counts---
(to the younger woman)
I'm awfully sorry---

YOUNGER WOMAN
That's all right, Ted. You run
along.
(as Ted races off
she calls to him)
Good luck!

The three of them spread out on the court again.

FATHER
(batting the ball to
the younger woman)
Can you beat that? He's got to
look for a goddamned seagull!

YOUNGER WOMAN
I think it's rather sweet.

MOTHER
You forget, he's still a child---

48.

DESERTED DUNES. EXTERIOR. DAY.

Peter and Ted are walking along, their eyes intently
searching the ground. Peter carries a bag of garbage.
They zig zag to peer behind every mound of sand and
into every clump of grass.

TED
You think we should try to lay her?

PETER
What?

TED
Lay her.

PETER
Who?

TED
Sandy.

PETER
Gee, I don't know.

TED
What do you think?

PETER
I don't know.

TED
I think she'd let us.

PETER
Who?

TED
Sandy, for God's sake. Do you
think she'd let us?

[A flock of seagulls fly overhead. Peter gazes up at
them.]

PETER
Listen, I've got an idea. Let's
spread some garbage around and
lure a flock of gulls down here.
Maybe we'll see him.

TED
How're we going to recognize him?

PETER
(spreading the garbage
out)
By the collar.

TED
(impatient)
He hasn't got the collar. Sandy
said he squeezed through it.

PETER
I still think that's pretty amazing
for such a stupid bird.

A small flock of gulls begins to circle down, attracted by the garbage. As the boys watch, they land in it and begin to eat.

TED

They all look alike, for God's sake.

PETER

I'd know him if I saw him.

He stares at the gobbling gulls.

TED

Let's go. The only chance we have is if he recognizes us---

49. ANOTHER ANGLE

Peter and Ted are searching the scrubby underbrush back of the dunes. Just ahead of them is a thick green forest.

TED

Let's give it a try anyway---

PETER

(looking towards the forest)

I suppose he could have wandered in there---

TED

I mean about Sandy.

PETER

Oh.

A pause. They are walking towards the forest.

PETER

Suppose she says no?

TED

Well, let's give it a try.

PETER

I'm a little scared to.

TED

So am I---but there's no harm in asking.

They go into the forest, their eyes flicking over the ground, they peer into the underbrush, behind trees.

PETER

She's liable to get sore if we ask her.

TED

Then why'd she let us feel her up in the movie?

PETER

I don't know. I think it was the picture.

TED

She would have let us anyway.

PETER

We've got a pretty good thing going with her. I wouldn't want to upset her.

TED

Why would it upset her? I mean losing the bird is a tragedy and look how calm she was. She gave up looking for him in ten minutes--- that's how calm she was.

PETER

Yeah, but this is different---

TED

Sure it's different. It's not a tragedy to get laid. It's supposed to be fun---

Ahead of them is a large boulder and some rocks in a small clearing. Ted reaches the boulder first. He looks down. There is shock on his face and horror. Peter runs up to him and looks too.

50. The bird is lying on the ground behind the boulder. He is still wearing his red collar and leash. There is dried blood everywhere---on his wing feathers and ruff, on his broken yellow beak and crushed skull. About three feet from the bird's body the boys see a small rock also covered with dried blood.

The boys stare at the broken bloody bird.

51.

ECU SANDY. EXTERIOR. DAY. **SANDY'S HOUSE**

Her face fills the frame. If we see any background at all it is the weathered red-wood wall of her house. Her expression is sober, her eyes large. She looks cornered, half-fearful, half-challenging.

TED (V.O.)
Why did you kill him?

SANDY
I don't know.

PETER (V.O.)
You must know.

Sandy shakes her head.

TED (V.O.)
Suppose you think it over and
come up with an answer.

Sandy blinks. She shakes her head again. She looks down.

TED (V.O.)
Sandy, we're waiting.

SANDY
Millions of birds get killed
around here and you don't care
anything about them.

PETER (V.O.)
Never mind millions of birds.
Why did you kill that bird?

SANDY
(angry)
He was my bird.

PETER (V.O.)
We saved his life.

SANDY
I can do what I want with my own
bird!

TED (V.O.)
Why'd you kill him?

SANDY
(suddenly her face
crumples)
I don't know why I killed him!
(MORE)

SANDY (Contd)

I just don't know!

(she bursts into tears)

What're you making such a fuss about? He was just a stupid bird!

52. DECK OF SANDY'S HOUSE. EXTERIOR. EVENING.

Sandy's mother is giving a cocktail party which is now in full swing. Between fifty and sixty people are crowded on the deck and spilling down the steps to the sand below. They are all drinking, talking, laughing, flirting, arguing, etc., but we cannot hear a word of what they are saying because the sound track is pulsing to the deafening beat of the music of The Dynamiters. The Dynamiters are four thirteen-year-old boys with four thousand dollars worth of electronic equipment which they have set up in a corner of the deck. From time to time Deuce the leader of the group who looks like a sheepdog with glasses, sings through the microphone. At other times Phil who plays second guitar and has a bad case of acne takes over the singing. Whatever the group does, they do it loud.

We see Mr. Caudell tending bar at the other end of the deck, and Ted, Peter and Sandy taking orders, passing drinks and trays of canapes. Until Rhoda arrives, they are the only people under thirty at the party and the contrast between their youth and freshness and the progressively drunker guests is apparent.

When they are confronting the guests the three kids are polite, considerate, attentive, but as they pass each other or their eyes meet, their expressions and grimaces indicate clearly what they think of the adults and that their temporarily cherubic behavior is really a put-on.

A lean brittle woman in her mid-thirties, with short blonde hair and a rather pinched unhappy look, is Sandy's mother and the hostess. We see her artificial animation when she is talking to her guests and the sullen emptiness when she thinks no one is watching. This is the first and only time we see Sandy's mother in the film.

Towards the end of the series of cuts which explores the party we see Rhoda arrive with a slender youthful looking man who is obviously her father. We see Sandy's mother greet them and call to Sandy. We see Sandy's surprise and dismay when she recognizes Rhoda.

Rhoda's father

The two girls greet each other warily. Apparently Sandy's mother is suggesting something which pleases Rhoda's father very much and appalls Sandy. Ted and Peter see Rhoda and exchange resigned disgusted looks.

53.

BEACH. EXTERIOR. NIGHT.

Now SANDY's house

In front of the house but down near the water, ~~Ted~~, ~~Peter~~, ~~Sandy~~ and ~~Rhoda~~ are sitting around a driftwood fire. Sandy and Peter are roasting hot dogs on the ends of long forks. Ted is strumming his guitar and humming. Rhoda is sitting rather stiffly opposite the other three. She is very definitely an outsider and they are making her feel it.

From the house we hear party sounds still going on. By this time The Dynamiters have left but we hear voices, loud laughter, shouts, etc.

RHODA

(timidly to Ted)

Do you know Eleanor Rigby?

TED

(coldly)

Sure, but that's like from the days of the chariot races.

SANDY

(to Ted)

Do you know your fly is open?

TED

(deadpan)

No, but if you'll hum a few bars I'll fake it.

Rhoda is slow to get the joke. They burst into giggles as slowly comprehension dawns on her face.

RHODA

(after a moment)

Do you all live in New York?

PETER

(indicating Ted and Sandy)

They do. I live in New Jersey.

RHODA

Do you always come here in the summers?

PETER

Ted's family and my family have houses here. This is Sandy's first time.

RHODA

You all seem like such close friends.

SANDY

We are.

RHODA

Whatever happened to that gull you were training?

SANDY

(quickly)

He flew away---

54. Immediately Ted begins to sing a lovely lyrical folk-song which, in the purity of its verse and melody, contrasts strongly with the party noise drifting down from the deck and becoming more raucous and drunken. When he begins the second chorus Rhoda shyly joins in. The others exchange half smiles and lift their eyebrows at each other. Defiantly Rhoda continues. When the
55. song is over Sandy hands Ted a hot dog.

SANDY

In case you don't know it, Rhoda, you are a lousy singer.

RHODA

(hurt)

I'm not as good as Ted but I'm better than that boy at your mother's party.

TED

He's the worst singer in the world.

RHODA

I'm also better than that other boy---

PETER

You're also better than Senator Javits.

Ted bursts out laughing. Rhoda glares at him.

TED

I'm not laughing at you. My friend said something funny and I'm laughing at something funny my friend said.

Peter gives Rhoda a hot dog. She accepts it gratefully, takes a big bite and smiles at him.

PETER

Where are you from, Rhoda?

RHODA

Cleveland, Ohio.

SANDY

Dig that, men, Cleveland is in Ohio!

RHODA

(defensive)

Maybe you don't know there is a Cleveland in Mississippi too.

SANDY

What's it like in Cleveland, Ohio as opposed to Cleveland, Mississippi?

RHODA

It's okay.

PETER

Where do you go to school?

RHODA

Fairmount Heights, High. I'm on the paper.

TED

Doing what?

RHODA

I write a weekly column called "Feelings."

SANDY

Sounds sexy!

RHODA

Well, it isn't.

PETER

What's it about?

RHODA
My feelings about things.

TED
Don't you have any feelings about sex?

SANDY
What is your bag?

Puzzled, Rhoda looks at Peter.

PETER
You know---your thing. What do you like to do?

RHODA
Photography and horseback riding.

SANDY
(giggling)
You mean horseback riding as opposed to turtleback riding?

The boys laugh. Ted strums his guitar again.

RHODA
(after a moment)
Where do you go to school, Sandy?

SANDY
Hunter College High.

PETER
She's a genius. She has an I.Q. of 157!

SANDY
Hey, I wonder whatever happened to that thing!

PETER
Did you mail it in?

SANDY
I sure did.
(to Ted)
Incidentally, you owe me three dollars and thirty-five cents.

PETER
(to Rhoda)
It's a dating service.

SANDY

For ten dollars they're going to
supply me with a man.

PETER

(to Rhoda)

It's one of those computer things---

An outburst of loud shrieks and shouting from the deck.

TED

All pissed by now.

SANDY

(to Peter)

Man, your father's really on the
sauce!

TED

I saw your mother giving him hell---

PETER

Wish they'd get a divorce so there'd
be some peace around the house---

SANDY

Which one would you live with?

PETER

They're both pains in the ass.

SANDY

I was only a baby when my parents
got divorced so I wasn't consulted.
One day when I was about six years
old I opened the door and this good
looking man said "Hi honey, I'm your
Daddy"---just then my mother came in
and said "Get the hell away from her,
you bum!" and she slammed the door.
That was the first and last time I
ever saw him.

Ted has been strumming his guitar quietly under the
above. Now he begins to sing.

SONG

When he finishes there is a long pause. The four of
them sit gazing into the fire.

RHODA

(finally, to Sandy)

You don't have to take your mother's
word for it.

SANDY
For what?

RHODA
About your father. I bet he'll
come back some day and you'll
like him a lot.

SANDY
He hasn't come back in nine years.
He hasn't even sent me a birthday
card.

PETER
Maybe there's a legal reason or
something---

RHODA
After all, he's your own father.
I'm sure he loves you.

SANDY
He doesn't give a shit about me.
He's a bum.

PETER
Let's go for a swim. Bare ass.

TED
They'll see us.

PETER
Not here. Up the beach.

TED
(indicating Rhoda)
She'll probably run tattle-taling
to her mother.

RHODA
My mother's dead.

SANDY
(to Ted)
Her mother's dead, you jackass.

RHODA
Anyway, I don't know how to swim.

TED
You informed us of that fascinating
fact the other day.

SANDY
Why don't you know how to swim?

RHODA
I'm afraid of the water.

SANDY
The reason you're afraid of the water is because you don't know how to swim.
(to the boys)
Let's teach her.

PETER
Now?

SANDY
We'll start tomorrow. It'll be our project for the week.

TED
From looking at her I can tell it'll take more than a week.

PETER
Maybe she doesn't want to learn.
(to Rhoda)
Do you?

Rhoda shrugs indecisively.

SANDY
What're you going to do the rest of your life? Sit on the shore and watch?

RHODA
I'm afraid of the water.

SANDY
Okay, the hell with you!

58. DECK OF SAILBOAT. EXTERIOR ^{COVE.} DAY.

Rhoda is standing on the deck in her bathing suit, peering fearfully down at the water. She has her arms through a life jacket which Peter is tying for her.

RHODA
(anxious)
Is it deep here?

PETER
We can't go in any closer.

RHODA

I'm just afraid it will be too deep.

As we draw back we see that the boat is anchored in the same small cove where Peter brought Sandy the day they filled out the computer questionnaire. Another boat, we haven't seen before, is anchored nearby and deserted. In the background is the beach and greenery of the little island. Ted and Sandy are already swimming around in the water.

PETER

(finishing with the life jacket)

You can't possibly sink with this on. Okay, let's go.

RHODA

(holding back)

Do I have to jump in?

PETER

It's really not deep at all. Just put your left hand on top of the jacket here---

(he shows her)

Hold it hard so it won't hit your chin when you jump in.

RHODA

Like this?

PETER

That's right. Now hold your nose with your right hand. Cross it over your other arm.

(she does so)

That's the way.

RHODA

Shall I go in now?

PETER

I'll go in first.

RHODA

(still holding her nose)

Okay.

PETER

You can let go of your nose until you're ready to jump.

RHODA
(letting go)
Okay.

79. Peter dives in. He swims under water about ten feet from the boat and surfaces. He pushes his hair out of his eyes and waves to Rhoda.

PETER
Okay, come on in.

RHODA
(shouting)
You're too far away.

Peter swims closer to the boat.

PETER
Okay!

RHODA
Will you stay with me when I'm in?

PETER
Sure---come on.

RHODA
Okay.

Rhoda hesitates an instant. Then she holds the jacket and her nose and jumps. She sinks below the surface only for an instant, then the jacket pops her out of the water. Peter swims to her side immediately and holds onto her.

RHODA
(her eyes closed, her
fingers holding her nose)
Don't leave me---

PETER
You can let go of your nose now.

RHODA
Don't leave me!

She opens her eyes and releases her nose. Ted and Sandy swim over to them.

TED
Everything okay?

PETER
Fine.

SANDY
Let's swim in.

PETER
(to Rhoda)
Now roll over on your back---

RHODA
No!

PETER
You have to so I can tow you into shallow water.

SANDY
(she takes hold of
Rhoda's life jacket)
It's easy, I'll show you---

RHODA
(shouting)
Keep your hands off me---

PETER
Come on, Rhoda, you have to!

TED
(showing her)
Do this, that's all---

RHODA
No I won't---

Peter tries to roll her over in the water. She pummels him with her fists.

SANDY
Slug her!

RHODA
Don't you dare!

PETER
(shouting)
Roll over!

Rhoda is thrashing about with her fists. They circle her trying to get close enough to help her.

TED
Damn it, roll over!

RHODA
Keep away from me!

SANDY
You stupid idiot---he's trying
to get you to shore!

Peter grasps Rhoda's arm. She hits out at him with her
other fist.

PETER
Cut that out!

SANDY
Slug her!

RHODA
Don't touch me! Don't touch me!

SANDY
Okay, let her drown.
(she swims away)

TED
(following her)
Bye bye, Rhoda. Nice to have
known you---
(to Peter)
Hell with her. We're going to
the other side.

They swim off towards the other side of the Island.

PETER
(furious, between
clenched teeth)
Now you listen to me. I demand
that you roll over.

Rhoda stares at him. Their eyes hold for a moment.

RHODA
(calm)
All right.

She obediently rolls over on her back. Peter hooks his
elbow under her chin, keeping her head up and out of
the water, and begins pulling for shore. When he
reaches the shallow water he stands up. The water
comes only a little higher than his waist.

PETER
All right, stand up.

RHODA
No.

60.
EXT. BEACH

SAILBOAT
lifesack

PETER
Come on, put your feet down.

RHODA
It's too deep.

PETER
(shouting)
For Christ sake, it's only three
feet deep here. A midget could
touch bottom!

RHODA
Don't swear at me.

PETER
Then put your feet down.

RHODA
(still suspended in
the water)
I will.

PETER
Now, goddamn it!

RHODA
Why do you swear all the time?

PETER
Put your goddamn feet down!

Rhoda lowers her feet.

PETER
Are you touching?

RHODA
Yes.

PETER
Stand up.

RHODA
Are there crabs down there?

PETER
Of course there are crabs.
This is the ocean.

RHODA
Do they bite?

No.

PETER

RHODA

What else is there?

PETER

Barracuda and eels and squids.
Stand up!

RHODA

(grinning suddenly)
You're so masterful!

She puts her feet down and stands up.

PETER

Okay, let's walk in.

RHODA

(hesitates)

Will you give me your hand?

Peter gives her his hand and they wade in, Rhoda stepping through the water as if it is an enemy which will swallow her up if she does not watch it with intense concentration. When they are two or three feet from the beach, she lets go of Peter's hand, runs up on the sand and plunks herself down.

RHODA

(exhaling a long
delighted breath)

We made it!

Peter gives her a mildly disgusted look. He bends over and unties the life jacket.

RHODA

Do I have to take it off?

PETER

Can't learn to swim with a life jacket on.

RHODA

We won't go into deep water, will we?

PETER

We'll stay where you can touch bottom.

RHODA
Not deeper than my waist.

PETER
Not in the beginning.

RHODA
Not until later in the week.

PETER
That's right.

RHODA
(anxiously)
Or maybe next week.

She looks at him and grins. He grins back at her.
He takes her hand and they walk towards the water.

61. BEACH. OTHER SIDE OF ISLAND. EXTERIOR. DAY.

Ted and Sandy are walking through the shallow water towards the beach, which is flat and pebbly on this side. They come ashore and cross to a skeleton of a beached rowboat. A rotted fisherman's net hangs over it.

Not far from the boat are the charred remains of a fire. An old beer can is half buried in the sand.

TED
(crouching over the charred wood)
When we find him we'll have to give him a name.

SANDY
What's today?

TED
Monday.

SANDY
Too bad.

They wander up the beach towards a high dune.

SANDY
We're Martians who've just landed in a space ship. We don't know anything about earthlings. We have to reconstruct them from their artifacts.

Okay.

TED

80

Sandy stoops to pick up a rusty spoon. She peers at it.

SANDY

I say earthlings are only a foot tall. Look at their shovels.

Ted picks up a pair of faded, tattered swimming trunks and holds them out upside down.

TED

Two neckholes in this garment.
I say earthlings have two heads---

They climb the dune, Sandy ahead. Suddenly she crouches down and puts her finger to her lips. Ted flattens himself beside her and looks over the crest of the dune.

62. MAN AND WOMAN ON A BLANKET (*Homosexuals*)

They are lying on their stomachs. The man wearing blue trunks, the woman wearing brief red pants. Her back is naked as if she has loosened her bra straps. The man has dark curly hair. The woman has straight blond hair, clipped short. Their heads are very close together. The man's hand is on the woman's back. The man kisses the woman on the cheek and playfully slips his hand inside the back of her pants. They move closer together on the blanket.

SANDY

(whispering)

Some show, huh?

TED

Shhh.

The man kisses the blond woman again. Then the woman rolls over and sits up. She is not a woman at all but a slender, narrow-hipped young man.

Ted and Sandy exchange startled looks.

The two men begin to caress and fondle each other, oblivious to their surroundings, very much concerned with the effect of their mutual caresses.

63. Rigid, not moving a muscle, Ted and Sandy lie on the sand watching them. Finally Ted blinks and squirms uncomfortably. He looks at Sandy.

THE
(whisper)
Think we ought to go?

SALLY
(whispering back)
No, I want to watch.

They turn their attention back to the two men.

64
CALLENDAR IN THE CAFE. EXTENSION. DAY.

The four of them are back on the boat. The boys are polishing the sails. The girls are drying themselves. Ted starts for the anchor.

PHODA
Ted, wait a minute--I just want
to get one shot--

She takes her Polaroid camera out of the cockpit.

OF WHAT? (TED)

PHODA
(aiming the camera)
The cave.

WHAT FOR? (SALLY)

PHODA
Because it's where I learned to
swim.

SALLY
That doesn't make it a national
landmark.

PETER
Besides, you haven't exactly
learned yet.

SALLY
You're really hung up on that
camera, aren't you?

Phoda clicks the shutter.

TED
Okay to hoist anchor, Miss Avedon?

Rhoda pulls the snapshot out of the camera. She looks at it and hands it to Peter.

PETER
That's it. That's where you haven't learned to swim yet.

He hands it to the others.

SANDY
Now you have it, what're you going to do with it?

RHODA
It's for my book.

TED
I'd say Avedon hasn't a worry in the world.

RHODA
Who?

SANDY
Are you one of those people who paste snapshots in a photograph album and write funny things underneath?

TED
I quit doing that when I was ten.

RHODA
(to Sandy)
I don't write funny things. Anyway, it's not a photograph album. It's a memory book.

SANDY
(sweetly)
A memory book. Isn't that interesting! What else is in it besides snapshots?

RHODA
Just mementos---of things I want to remember.

SANDY
Such as?

RHODA
Poems, letters from friends of mine. My horse show ribbons---things like that.

TED
It all sounds kind of retarded
to me.

SANDY
It's her thing, you jackass.

PETER
(calling from the
tiller)
Who wants a beer?

TED
Everyone wants a beer.

65. Ted has taken a six-pack of cans of beer out of his
rolled-up poncho. He is opening them.

RHODA
I don't drink.

Ted and Sandy exchange looks.

SANDY
Beer is not drinking, Rhoda.

TED
We're not boozers, if that's
what you're thinking.

SANDY
(to Rhoda)
Haven't you ever tasted it?

Rhoda shakes her head.

TED
(holds a can out
to her)
Try it.

Rhoda hesitates for a bare instant. Then she takes a
small sip from the can. She hands it back to Ted.

RHODA
I don't really like it, but
thank you anyway---
(she adds timidly)
It does look marvelous, though.

Ted takes a can up to Peter.

RHODA
(to Sandy)
Does your mother let you drink
beer?

Sandy pretends to choke on a mouthful of the beer.
She spews it all over Ted who is rejoining them in
the cockpit.

TED
Hey, what's the big idea?

SANDY
She wants to know if my mother
lets me drink beer!

TED
(to Rhoda)
What do you think we are? A
bunch of kids here?

He puts the can to his lips and takes several long
swallows.

TED
Ahhhh---
(to Rhoda)
You don't know what you're missing.
(he belches and grins)
Beg your pardon.

He drains the can and tosses it overboard.

RHODA
(timidly)
Doesn't that mess up the ocean?

Sandy pretends to choke on another mouthful. Again
she spews it all over Ted.

PETER
Who wants the tiller?

TED
I'll take it. It's the only way
to stay dry.

He moves to the stern. Peter joins the girls. Sandy
66. spreads her towel on the deck and stretches out on it.

SANDY
Do my back, Peter.

Peter rummages in her bag for a tube of suntan lotion. He sits down beside Sandy, unties the back of her bikini top and begins to spread the lotion on her back.

Rhoda watches jealously---a fact which is not lost on Sandy. She glances at Rhoda with a little smirk of triumph.

SANDY

Incidentally, why do you wear such creepy bathing suits?

RHODA

(to Peter, indignantly)

Do you think this suit is creepy?

PETER

Well, sure it is. It's pretty creepy.

RHODA

In what way, I'd like to know?

PETER

It's---an old lady's suit.

SANDY

It covers too much. You should get a bikini---

(to Peter)

Wouldn't she look great in a bikini?

PETER

Sure. All the kids are wearing them, Rhoda.

RHODA

Well, I don't think my father would like me wearing a bikini.

SANDY

What's he got to do with it?

RHODA

I just don't think he'd like it. He's sort of stuffy about things like that.

SANDY

He looks at girls in bikinis, doesn't he?

RHODA
I don't know.

SANDY
Take my word he does. All the
dirty old men look at girls in
bikinis.

RHODA
My father is not a dirty old man.
He's only thirty-eight years old!

Sandy and Peter scream with laughter. Rhoda looks at
them bewildered. Peter leaps up and gives her a hug.

PETER
Oh Rhoda! Rhoda! I love you!

He holds her at arms length. She is looking at him
soberly.

67.

TED'S ROOM. INTERIOR. DAY.

The opening of this scene is written here in summary
since it consists of a brief but brilliant talk mostly
by Ted about modern pop music. He traces its develop-
ment from blues and jazz, to country western, swing,
bop, rock and roll and on to experimental electronic
music. He illustrated his points with some 45s and
LPs. The others ask questions and make comments, but
this is mostly Ted's sequence.

What Ted says and what the others say will be filled
in later from actual dialogue and comments from kids
their age in order to keep the talk of music, groups,
pop singers, etc. as up to date as possible at the
time of shooting.

Ted's room, which is spacious, contains a very large
collection of records, record player, guitars, etc.
A large bathroom opens out of it. When the scene opens
Peter is in the bathroom, bent over the washbowl.
Sandy, her own wet hair wrapped in a Turkish towel,
is washing Peter's hair. Ted is at the record player,
his hair wet. Obviously it has just been washed too
by Sandy and she has combed and set it with her fingers
as she will do later to Peter's hair.

Rhoda is observing all this from a chair in Ted's room.
Watching Sandy wash Peter's hair has made her jealous,
but above all she yearns to belong to the group.
Sandy is well aware of Rhoda's feeling and, for the
moment, is deliberately keeping her out.

As Ted talks and plays records, Sandy is fussing over Peter's hair, combing it, setting it, making a big production out of it. When she is finished with Peter, she towel-dries her own hair and combs it.

It is raining outside.

There are cokes and two huge bags of potato chips and pretzels on the dresser, also apples, a box of dried prunes, peanuts, etc. The four of them eat constantly during the entire scene.

68. After the talk about music, a transition to the following sequence:

SANDY

Okay, Rhoda, tell us about yourself.

RHODA

There's nothing to tell.

SANDY

There's always something to tell.

RHODA

My mother's dead.

TED

You told us that already.

SANDY

How'd she die?

RHODA

I---I don't like to talk about it.

SANDY

(airily)

Okay.

She turns her back on Rhoda, dismissing her, and resets a wave in Ted's hair.

RHODA

(after a moment)

She drowned.

PETER

Wow!

TED

Where?

RHODA
On Martha's Vineyard five summers ago.

SANDY
How old were you?

RHODA
Ten.

SANDY
Didn't she know how to swim?

RHODA
She was an expert swimmer.

SANDY
Then what the hell happened?

RHODA
It was a bet my mother made with this man. She bet she could swim out to the sandbar and back without stopping to rest. Everyone was at a party at our house---there'd been a party on Friday night and another one on Saturday night and this was Sunday and I suppose they were all a little bored. I don't know exactly how it started---I was in my nightgown going around kissing everyone goodnight. They were saying that my mother was a great swimmer and one of the men said that women have an extra layer of fat around their bodies so they can stay in the water for a long time without getting chilled and my mother got mad about this extra layer of fat talk because she was very slim. I have a picture of her in my Memory Book that shows she was practically skinny. Well, my mother said she had a lot of endurance and she certainly did not have an extra layer of fat. Then my father said that my mother had swum to this sandbar about a half mile off shore and back without stopping and this man said that was impossible and my mother said she could do it again any time and the man said how about right now? They all smelled of whiskey when I kissed them.

(MORE)

RHODA (Contd)

I remember this man who made the bet cupped my behind with both hands and kissed me goodnight right on the mouth---and then my mother took me upstairs and changed into her bathing suit. Afterwards she came into my room. Her suit was red and she was wearing a short white terry cloth robe and she looked very pretty and excited. She smelled of whiskey too but she didn't drink a lot---only enough to feel happy, she always said. She acted very happy that night and she turned out my lamp and closed the door and that was the last time I ever saw her---

A pause.

SANDY

Do they know how she drowned?

RHODA

They think it was a cramp.
There's no way of knowing for sure.

TED

How much was the bet?

RHODA

I think it was ten dollars.

PETER

That's a rough break.

TED

Yeah---

RHODA

(frowning)

That was a silly way to die.
Wasn't that a silly way to die?

A pause. No one answers.

SANDY

(suddenly to Ted)

Hey, put on some more music---

TED

Okay, what do you want to hear?
(he crosses to the
record player)

SANDY
How about the _____?
(to Rhoda)
You still haven't told us anything
about yourself, though. Tell us
something about yourself.

RHODA
Like what?

SANDY
Something terrible.

RHODA
I don't know anything terrible.

SANDY
Everybody does. Tell her something
terrible, Peter.

PETER
(cheerfully)
I once made Ritz cracker sandwiches
out of cream cheese and snot and
gave them to my cousin to eat.

RHODA
(giggling)
That's disgusting.

SANDY
What have you done?

RHODA
Nothing.

SANDY
Okay!

She turns her back to Rhoda disdainfully and reaches
into the potato chip bag. Ted has put on an LP and
floods the room. Outside the
window the rain drums steadily. Rhoda glances timidly
around at the three of them. No one is paying the
least attention to her.

RHODA
(shyly)
Well, what I did---

SANDY
(to the boys)
That's the only really talented
group around.

I like the PETER _____ better.

The TED _____ are derivative.

But dynamic. PETER

But derivative--- TED

What I did once--- RHODA

I also like the PETER _____.

Second rate. TED

I like them too. I think they're super. SANDY

What I did--- RHODA

SANDY
(whirling towards her
abruptly)
Yes, what the hell did you do?

RHODA
You won't tell anyone?

SANDY
Of course not.

RHODA
I---I spit on my mother's grave.

SANDY
When?

RHODA
At the cemetery. My father took
me to see her grave and when we
were walking away I ran back and
spit on it.

PETER
Why?

RHODA
Because she had no right to die
that way and leave me alone.

TED
When this is over I'll play you
the other side.
That's going to become a classic.

SANDY
(rising)
Come on, Rhoda, I'm going to wash
your hair.

With a radiant smile Rhoda jumps up. The girls cross
towards the bathroom.

69.

THE COVE.

We can see the fiberglass sloop anchored at its usual
place out from the shore. Closer in Peter is giving
Rhoda a swimming lesson.

70.

ANOTHER ANGLE. PETER AND RHODA.

He is holding her hands. She is stretched out in the
water attempting a straight-legged kick.

PETER
You act as if your legs are broken.
Keep them straight!

Rhoda kicks.

PETER
Don't flap your feet around like
that.

Rhoda tries again.

RHODA
(breathless)
I can't do it. I keep sinking---

PETER
Sure you can do it. Come on now.
Stiff legs. Ramrod stiff.

Rhoda kicks with determination, stirring up a froth of
water behind her.

PETER
Good! Good---that's it!

Finally Rhoda wearily drops her feet to the bottom. 93

PETER
Want to rest a while?

She nods. Holding hands, they walk out of the water and up onto the beach.

THE BEACH.

They sit down. Rhoda lies back on the sand. She turns her head towards Peter and smiles up at him.

RHODA
If I only didn't keep sinking all the time.

PETER
I've never seen anything like it.
It defies the laws of physics.
It's absolutely supernatural.

RHODA
(anxious)
Maybe it's impossible.

PETER
You'll catch on. I promise you're going to swim.

Rhoda smiles. Peter looks down at her thoughtfully. A pause.

RHODA
What are you looking at?

PETER
The bands on your teeth.

RHODA
(frowning)
Hideous, aren't they?

PETER
I was wondering what it would feel like to kiss you.

RHODA
(very serious)
I don't think you'd hurt yourself, if that's what you mean.

PETER
(grinning)
They look awfully dangerous.

RHODA
Not if you're careful. Not if
you don't kiss me too hard.

They look at each other. Peter leans over and gently
kisses her on the mouth.

PETER
I didn't feel them at all.
He kisses her again, holding it a little longer.

RHODA
Did you that time?

PETER
Nope.

He stretches out beside her, slips his arm under her.
She moves closer to him and puts her head on his
shoulder. They turn their faces towards each other
and kiss again, harder and longer. Finally when the
kiss is over, they look at each other for a moment.
Then both of them stare up at the sky. A pause.

RHODA
I know a terrible story about a
couple of kids at my school who
both wear braces on their teeth.

PETER
Tell me.

RHODA
One night they kissed each other
and their bands got tangled.
These little hooks, see---
(she shows him)
Somehow they got fastened together
and the kids couldn't get them
apart.

PETER
Come on!

RHODA
It's true. No matter how hard
they pulled they couldn't get
them apart.

PETER
My God!

RHODA
They were downstairs at the girl's house. They both had to scream to wake up her parents.

PETER
What happened?

RHODA
Her parents had to wake up an orthodontist and drive them over to his office in the middle of the night.

PETER
And all the time these kids were fastened together at their mouths?
(Rhoda nods)
That's the most gruesome thing I ever heard of.

RHODA
It couldn't happen to us, though.

PETER
No, it couldn't.

He puts his hand under her chin, tilts her face up to his and kisses her again.

RHODA
(after a moment)
It's funny about those two kids. Afterwards they never had anything more to do with each other, they hardly spoke to each other. I should think a deeply shared experience like that would bring people closer together.

PETER
Well---it depends on the experience.

RHODA
Your teaching me to swim---it makes me feel closer to you.

PETER
You're going to be a good swimmer. You'll see.

He turns towards her as if to kiss her again.

96

RHODA
(sitting up)
Let's go and practice some more---

PETER
Why? Don't you like what we're
doing?

RHODA
Of course---I like it---

she starts to stand. He puts his hand on her shoulder
and pushes her down.

PETER
Then why do you want to stop?

RHODA
I don't know why---
(she gives him a
long look)
It's just that I'm afraid---

PETER
Of what?

RHODA
I---don't know---

PETER
You're afraid of too many things---

He bends over her and presses his mouth down on hers.
Her arms go around his neck, tentatively at first, then
she clasps him against her.

12. REGATTA. EXTERIOR. DAY.

~~a dozen snipes~~, mostly crewed by kids, are racing on
the bay side of the island.

13. THE POINT. EXTERIOR. DAY.

About thirty spectators are clustered on the beach
watching the race. Several yards behind them, Peter
and Ted are lying on a high dune. They watch the
snipes without enthusiasm.

TED
You sure they're taking the three
o'clock ferry back here?

PETER
That's what they said.

TED
They ought to be here by now.

The crowd lets out a cheer. Peter jumps to his feet.
REGATTA.

74. A snipe with a striped blue sail takes the lead.
THE POINT.

PETER
Blue boat in the lead!
(he sits down)

TED
Listen, if we're ever going to
try it, we ought to try it
pretty soon.

PETER
Try what?

TED
You know---to lay her.

PETER
Who?

TED
Sandy. Who the hell else?

PETER
I thought you meant Rhoda.

TED
I don't think Rhoda would let us,
do you?

PETER
No, I don't think so.

76. THE REGATTA.

Out on the water one of the boats keels over and seems
in danger of capsizing. The crowd on the beach is
shouting.

77. THE POINT.

PETER
(on his feet)
Close one! Did you see that?

Ted shakes his head.

98

PETER
Boy, you should have seen that!
Reluctantly he sits down beside Ted again.

TED
That Sandy drives me crazy
sometimes.

PETER
Yeah. Me too.

TED
You'd like to do it as much as I,
wouldn't you?

PETER
Sure I would. But---well, talking
about it is---well, like plotting
against her.

TED
She lied to us about the bird,
didn't she?

PETER
What's that got to do with this?

TED
Listen, if we do it, we'll need
protection. We can get what we
need over on the mainland.

PETER
Who?

TED
Well, we could go in together.

PETER
You look older than I do.

TED
Well, we could flip a coin.

PETER
You look older.

TED
You sound more mature, though.

peter jumps up again.

99

PETER
Look at that goddamn blue boat!
Still in the lead.

TED
(craning his neck)
Most boring race I've ever seen.
Again Peter sits down reluctantly.

TED
Does your father use them?

PETER
Gee, I don't know.

TED
My mother's on the pill. Why
don't you scout around?

PETER
What do you mean?

TED
Take a look through his drawers.

PETER
Gee, I'd hate to do that. Suppose
he counts them or something.

TED
Why would he?

PETER
I don't know. Maybe they count
them.

(he shrugs)
Look at that damn blue boat. It
must be a hundred yards ahead.

TED
Will you scout around?

PETER
Maybe we ought to forget the whole
thing.

TED
No. I want to do it.

PETER
Suppose we go to all this trouble
and Sandy says no?

TED
Why would she say no? She loves
us. She keeps saying she loves
us, doesn't she?

PETER
Yeah, but that doesn't mean she
loves us. Do you love her?

TED
Sure I do.

PETER
I mean love her.

TED
Well, not love her. But I do
love her.

PETER
I'd sure hate to screw up our
friendship.

TED
How can we screw it up? All she
can do is say no.

PETER
Well, I don't like the idea of
that, do you?

TED
She's a nice girl. She'd do it
in a nice way.

PETER
I'm not so sure.

TED
Let's give it a try.

PETER
Well---okay.
(he sighs)

TED
You'll look?

PETER
I'll look.

TED
And if he hasn't got any, we'll
just have to go over to the
mainland, that's all.

PETER
(suddenly)
Shut up, they're coming.

78.

He sits upright and squints at the two girls walking along the beach towards them.

PETER
Is that Rhoda?

TED
(sitting up and
looking)
Sure it's Rhoda.

The two girls are climbing up the dune. Sandy in a printed bikini we haven't seen before. Rhoda in a green bikini. They step through the beach grass, Rhoda shyly following Sandy. She stands above them waiting to be inspected. Although her bikini is no skimpier than Sandy's, she looks far more naked, especially the untanned parts of her body which had been covered by her old suit. Ted grins at her with approval. Peter looks shocked.

SANDY
(proudly)
Well, how does she look?

PETER
(at last)
Beautiful!

79.

DECK. SANDY'S HOUSE. EXTERIOR. DAY.

It is late afternoon. Peter and Rhoda are sitting on the floor playing chess. Ted is lying back in a chaise longue strumming his guitar.

The screen door slams and Sandy comes out. She is carrying a tray on which are several slices of white bread and a jar of peanut butter. During the following they all help themselves, spreading the peanut butter thickly on the bread and eating constantly.

SANDY
Guess who called?

TED
Who?

SANDY
My date for Saturday night.

TED
What do you mean?

SANDY
I have a date with a Puerto Rican gentleman who is five feet seven and a half inches tall, with black hair and brown eyes. His name is Anibal Gomez---

PETER
The machine!

TED
The computer finally came through!

SANDY
We're going to meet on the mainland at six-thirty at the ferry slip.

RHODA
You're not going, are you?

SANDY
I sure am!

RHODA
I don't think you should. It isn't right.

SANDY
(rolling her eyes)
Old Mother Hubbard again!

RHODA
He's probably some poor desperate man who takes it very seriously---

SANDY
Let's not make him into one of the hundred neediest cases, okay?

PETER
How can you go? He's expecting someone twenty years old with black hair and blue eyes---

SANDY
I can pass for twenty in my mother's wig.

TED
Your mother's wig is red.

SANDY
I'll wear a scarf. He'll never
know the difference.

TED
(a brief pause)
I've got an idea---send Rhoda in
your place!

RHODA
Me?

SANDY
Hey, that's a marvelous idea!

RHODA
Absolutely not.

SANDY
But Rhoda, it's perfect. You're
the right size, you're the right
coloring, you're the right every-
thing!

RHODA
My eyes are brown.

SANDY
We'll tell him the machine made
a mistake.

RHODA
I don't know any Spanish either.

SANDY
He speaks perfect English.
Honestly, Rhoda, he sounded very
nice---

RHODA
Then why do you want to make a
fool of him?

SANDY
It's not him. I'm after the
machine. I don't want to be
computerized.

RHODA
Then why'd you send in the
questionnaire?

SANDY
To screw up the machine.

RHODA
But now you're going along with
the machine---by keeping the date.

SANDY
(shouting at her)
I am not! I'm screwing up the
machine!

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
(from inside the house)
I don't like that kind of language,
Sandy!

SANDY
(whisper to Rhoda)
I'm screwing up the goddamned
machine.

RHODA
He probably thinks you're a lonely
person like himself who wants to
meet---

SANDY
I am a lonely person, you jackass!

SANDY'S MOTHER (V.O.)
I said I don't want to hear that
language!

TED
(to Rhoda)
Where's your sense of adventure?

RHODA
It's not an adventure, it's a---
a double cross.

SANDY
Listen, the machine thinks I'm one
person but I'm really another---
so I'm sending along a totally
different person to confuse the
machine even more---

RHODA
That Puerto Rican isn't a machine.
He's a person.

PETER
How do we know he didn't lie to the
machine too? Maybe he's an old man
of sixty with his teeth falling out.

Fantastic! TED
A triple cross!

RHODA
I'm not going to do it. Period.

SANDY
(airily)
Okay.

A pause. Ted strums on his guitar and then stops. A longer pause.

TED
Now look here, Rhoda---

RHODA
I'm not going to do it.

RED
I have a sizeable investment in
that questionnaire---

PETER
Me too. Three dollars and thirty-
five cents which does not grow on
bushes where I come from.

TED
What if we all keep the date with
the Puerto Rican gentleman?

SANDY
Terrific!
(to Rhoda)
We'll all go with you!

RHODA
No.

SANDY
We'll protect you and provide you
with companionship and at the same
time we can all be in on his
reactions!

RHODA
No.

Another long pause. Rhoda glances at each one of them. Their faces are stoney. They don't look at her.

RHODA
(bursting into tears)
I can't help it if I don't want
to hurt that poor man---

SANDY
(shouting at her)
Who's trying to hurt him?

RHODA
(shouting back)
You are.

SANDY
Peter, tell her I don't intend
hurting him.

PETER
(to Rhoda)
She doesn't intend hurting him.
Stop crying.

RHODA
(to Peter)
Then why does she want me to go
out with him and pretend I'm her
and make fun of him?

SANDY
(to Peter)
It's only a joke. Hasn't she got
a sense of humor?

RHODA
(to Peter)
I certainly have a sense of humor.
I write jokes in my column.

SANDY
(to Ted)
I bet they're side-splitting.

RHODA
Peter, tell her to stop.

PETER
(to Sandy)
Stop it---she's upset.

SANDY
She's upset? How about me?

TED
Okay, you're both upset.

RHODA
(sobbing)
I can't go out with a strange man
I've never even met!

SANDY
We said we'd go with you, didn't
we?

TED
We're not going to let you go
alone.

SANDY
What are you afraid of?

PETER
Don't be afraid of life, Rhoda.

SANDY
We'll tell Gomez all about it
when the evening's over.

TED
We'll all have a good laugh
together.

PETER
Including Gomez.

SANDY
He sounded very very nice on the
phone. Say you'll go, Rhoda.

RHODA
(sniffling)
Will you all stay with me? You
won't leave me alone with him?

SANDY
Not for a minute.

RHODA
Promise you won't make a fool of
him?

SANDY
Of course we won't. Say yes,
Rhoda.

RHODA
All right but---

SANDY
You're a darling!
(she jumps up and
hugs Rhoda)
Come on, let's go in the water.
(she takes her by
the hand)
I'm going to show you something
special!

The girls run down the steps of the deck and across
the beach to the water. The boys stay on the deck
watching them.

TED
You know, Rhoda looks pretty damn
good in that bikini.

PETER
Swims better in it too. It---it
liberates her body.

TED
By the way, did you look for them?

PETER
For what?

TED
What we were talking about. Did
you check your father's stuff?

PETER
(shaking his head)
I---I just couldn't. The idea of
going through his stuff scared hell
out of me.

TED
Why?

PETER
I don't know. I couldn't do it.

TED
I want to get moving on this thing.

PETER
Yeah. Me too.

TED
We'll be on the mainland Saturday
night when we go to meet Gomez.
We'll have to get them then.

Okay.

PETER

109

TED

That date ought to be a riot.

PETER

I don't think we ought to make fun of him, though. We promised Rhoda.

TED

We won't.

81.

GIRLS IN THE WATER.

Sandy is calling encouragingly to Rhoda who is happily swimming a backstroke towards her.

82.

DECK.

TED

She's really coming along.

PETER

Mmm.

TED

Still feel the same way about her?

PETER

How do you mean?

TED

That there's no chance?

PETER

I don't think so.

TED

She's got great tits.

PETER

(hoarsely)

Yes.

TED

What's the matter with you?

PETER

Nothing.

TED

You sounded funny. You worried about Saturday night?

peter shakes his head.

110

TED
I'll do the asking. If you come
in with me, I'll do the actual
asking.

Okay.

PETER

TED
Then maybe we can try it sometime
next week.

Okay.

PETER

83.
84. FERRY BOAT DECK. EXTERIOR. EVENING.

The ferry is pulling up to the dock on the mainland.
Sandy, Rhoda, Peter and Ted are standing on the deck
at the railing eagerly looking at the small crowd on
the dock. The girls wear cotton shifts. The boys are
in khakis and jackets.

INSERT:
Love scene
Rhoda, Peter
INTER.
Spps.

SANDY
(suddenly)
I see him!

RHODA
Where?

SANDY
(points)
There. In the suit.

85. DOCK.

It is crowded with islanders in various sloppy and
colorful clothes waiting for the ferry, several sports
fishermen in white shorts, windbreakers and yachting
caps and some ferry company personnel in grey dungarees
and grey shirts. Among them is Anibal Gomez, a slender
man in his mid-twenties. He is wearing a brown suit
and a brown tie, brown shoes and brown-rimmed
spectacles. His black hair is short and neatly combed,
his dark-skinned face serious as he looks up at the
deck.

TED
You're right. That's got to be
him.

86. The ferry ties up at the dock [and the passengers start disembarking. 111

RHODA
(as they go down the gangplank)
I'm terrified.

SANDY
Don't worry about a thing. I'll handle it.

The four of them step out on the dock. Sandy leads the way up to the small man in the brown suit.

SANDY
(holding out her hand)
Hi. Mr. Gomez?
(the man nods)
I'm Sandy.

The man opens his mouth in surprise. A gold tooth flashes at the side of it. He takes Sandy's hand and shakes it tentatively. His eyes widen as the other three come up behind her.

SANDY
(pushing Rhoda forward)
This is my friend Rhoda. She's your date for tonight. She's the girl who filled out the questionnaire.

ANIBAL
But---

SANDY
She's very shy, which is why she used my name.

ANIBAL
Ah, si lo entiendo.
(he shakes Rhoda's hand)
How do you do, I am Anibal Gomez.

RHODA
(shyly)
How do you do.

ANIBAL
But your eyes are not blue.

SANDY
(quickly)
She used my eyes.

RHODA
Yes. I'm sorry.

112

ANIBAL
(looking her over more
carefully)
That is all right---
(indicating Ted and
Peter)
These are friends of yours?

RHODA
Yes. They're with Sandy.

SANDY
They're with me. Ted and Peter,
meet Annabelle.

ANIBAL
My name is Ah-nee-bal---not
Annabelle.

TED
Hi, Ah-nee-bal.

PETER
Hi.

They all shake hands.

ANIBAL
Well! Are we to be together?

RHODA
I thought it might be nice.

ANIBAL
All right---if you wish.

He takes Rhoda's arm and starts towards the town.
Sandy, Ted and Peter follow behind them.

87.
STREET IN THE TOWN. EXTERIOR. EVENING.

The five of them are sauntering along in the same
formation. Anibal is talking to Rhoda.

ANIBAL
. . . so I came here eleven months
ago to live with my aunt in what
you call Spanish Harlem. Where
do you live, Rosa?

Passensby

RHODA
I'm from Cleveland, Ohio.

ANIBAL
Is that far?

RHODA
Not too far.

ANIBAL
(smiling at her)
You are very pretty girl, Rosa.

RHODA
Rhoda.

ANIBAL
Near where my aunt lives is liquor
store. I work there in the day.
In the night I go to school for
accounting.

RHODA
(politely)
How nice! You want to be an
accountant?

ANIBAL
My father is beach boy at big
hotel in Puerto Rico. Before that
he was fisherman. Before that he
cut sugarcane. He has always a
hard life, my father. I want to
be accountant.

Behind them Ted, Peter and Sandy have stopped in front
of a drugstore.

TED
(calling)
Hey wait, you two! I've got to
buy some hair cream.

Ted and Peter go into the drugstore. Anibal and Rhoda
walk back to join Sandy.

RHODA
(to Sandy)
Mr. Gomez is studying to be an
accountant.

SANDY
Really? How fascinating.

ANIBAL
I wish to become real American.
That's why I asked machine for
American girl.

(to Rhoda)
I am surprised they send me you---
half Chinese, half Jewish.

SANDY
Jewish is American.

ANIBAL
(to Rhoda)
Mother or father---who is Chinese?

SANDY
Her grandfather.

ANIBAL
My grandfather is Spaniard. He
was rich man but Franco took
everything. My grandfather ran
away to Puerto Rico. Now is a
poor man. I will be accountant
and rich man.

SANDY
As I said before---that's
fascinating.

The boys come out of the drugstore. They thrust their
arms through Sandy's. They all walk on.

88.

ITALIAN RESTAURANT. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

Its decor consists largely of red leatherette booths
and checked tablecloths. There is a juke box in the
back which is playing a rock tune.

Anibal is sitting with Rhoda on one side of the booth.
The other three sit across from them, Sandy in the
middle. The waitress is taking their orders. (Customers)

ANIBAL
---but we must have a drink
together.

RHODA
I don't drink, Mr. Gomez.

SANDY
I don't really feel like one
right now. Maybe a brandy after
dinner.

WAITRESS
(suspiciously)
You two boys got identification?

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TED
(ignoring her, to
Anibal)
Pete and I each had two doubles
before leaving. We don't want
any more.

The waitress smirks.

PETER
But don't let that stop you,
Annabelle. You have one---

ANIBAL
(to waitress)
One scotch and water.

The waitress leaves. The juke box has stopped.

TED
(rising)
I'm going to see if there's
anything by the _____.

He crosses to the juke box.

TED
(from the juke box)
There's a new _____.

SANDY
Oh good! Play it! Got a quarter,
Annabelle?

ANIBAL
It is Ah-nee-bal. Annabelle is
a girl's name, no?

He hands her a quarter. Sandy crosses to the juke box.
The waitress brings Anibal's drink.

ANIBAL
Salud, Rosa!

RHODA
It's Rhoda.

The juke box is playing. Ted, Sandy and Peter get up
and dance. Anibal watches them delightedly. He
squeezes Rhoda's hand. He swings his leg in time to

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the music. He finishes his drink and signals the waitress to bring another. He gets up and pulls Rhoda after him. He and Rhoda begin to dance. Whenever Anibal passes their table, he reaches over and takes a long drink of scotch. Sandy, Ted and Peter observe this and discuss it. Although we cannot hear what they are saying, it is quite clear that they are hatching a plot which pleases them immensely. When the record is over, they all sit down. Anibal is over-heated and breathless.

RHODA
Why don't we order dinner?

TED
First we've got to get Annabelle another drink.

RHODA
No, I'm starved.
(she glares at Ted)

ANIBAL
Dancing makes me thirsty.

SANDY
We have loads of time. There's really not much to do here in town.

PETER
Except eat and drink.

SANDY
Especially drink.
(to Anibal)
Have another one.

ANIBAL
Only if you join me.

TED
We're ahead of you already.

RHODA
(with a pointed
glance at Peter)
I'm hungry!

ANIBAL
If Rosa is hungry we ought to---

TED
(signaling waitress)
Miss, another scotch and water
here, please.

111
SANDY
(to waitress)
Make it a double.
(she smiles sweetly
at Anibal)
Save us the trouble of ordering
another one later.

ANIBAL
(puts his face close
to Rhoda's and giggles)
I think Rosa has an appetite---

TED
Come on, Rhoda, let him live a
little. What the hell, he drove
all the way out here---

ANIBAL
(again giggling into
Rhoda's face)
Rosa, if you want to order, we
order---

PETER
(quickly, to change
the subject)
How was the traffic coming out?

ANIBAL
Pues, ni malo, ni bueno.

PETER
Where'd you leave the car?

ANIBAL
In the lot. Near the ferry.

The waitress puts the drink in front of him.

SANDY
There's your drink, Annabelle.

ANIBAL
(lifting the drink)
Salud.
(he drinks)

RHODA
(trying to get the
waitress's attention)
Miss---Miss---

The waitress is across the room, her back turned. 118

RHODA
(furiously to Peter)
Would you please tell the waitress
I'd like to see a menu?

PETER
(looking her straight
in the eye)
There's no hurry.

TED
(low voice)
Don't blow it, Rhoda.

ANIBAL
Rosa wants a menu.

SANDY
(quickly)
No she doesn't. She's on a diet.

ANIBAL
(staring at Rhoda)
Why you need a diet? You are very
slim and nice.
(he looks across at
the others)
You are all very nice.
(he drinks. His glass
is almost empty)
You will not join me?

TED
No, but go ahead.

SANDY
(to waitress)
Miss, another double.

RHODA
Sandy, please---

SANDY
What's wrong? Anibal feels like
drinking or he wouldn't drink!

She takes Peter's hand and presses it down on her cotton
shift over her thigh.

ANIBAL
(putting his arm
around Rhoda)
Rosa, you pretty muchacha, know
(MORE)

ANIBAL (Cont'd)
what that means? It means pretty
girl, Rosa.

SANDY
(mimicking)
Rosa ees a pretty girl, si.

TED
A muchas pretty girl.

ANIBAL
No, not muchas. What we say is
"muy." We say "muy linda."
That means very beautiful.

RHODA
Thank you.

TED
Muy linda---that ees you, Rosa.
(he sings)
There is a rose in Spanish Harlem---

ANIBAL
Ahhh, si, you know that song?

TED
Ahh, si, I know it muy bien.

ANIBAL
Muy bien. Very good.

His elbow slips off the table, his head falls forward
cracking his chin hard on the table top. He bursts
out laughing loudly.

RHODA
(frightened)
We've got to order dinner right
now.

SANDY
No. Annabelle wants another drink.

TED
Annabelle enjoys el boozo mucho
bien.

ANIBAL
No more whiskey. I may get drunk.

SANDY
(exploding into laughter)
He may get drunk!

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TED
Hey Annabelle, tell us about Spanish
Harlem---are there really roses
there?

SANDY
I heard there were rats there---

RHODA
(furiously)
How about the rats here?

SANDY
Oh ho!

TED
Ole.

ANIBAL
Ai Toro!

He picks up his napkin and waves it flirtatiously at Rhoda. Rhoda looks pleadingly at Peter.

PETER
Let's order. I think we ought
to order.

TED
Another drink, Anibal?

ANIBAL
One more.
(he grins drunkenly
at Rhoda)

PETER
(signaling the waitress)
Could we have menus, please?

The waitress comes over to them and hands around the menus.

884 STREET. EXTERIOR. NIGHT.

This is the business district. Aside from the restaurant and the lighted windows of Woolworth's, it is practically deserted.

The lamp-posts throw spaced circles of light onto the street. As the five of them walk along, Anibal reels into each circle of light, throws his arms wide and bursts into song like a performer in successive spot-lights. At one point when he stumbles and falls on

his face, Rhoda and Peter help him up. He is almost completely ossified, staggering along, giggling, laughing, singing, smiling beatifically at Rhoda and making constant grabs for her.

They turn a corner. Suddenly Ted, Sandy and Peter freeze, stopping in the middle of the street. Rhoda half carrying Anibal towards the sidewalk, Rhoda see what is delaying them.

Three boys in dungarees, T shirts and short trousers who have been swaggering towards the corner, laughing and tussling with each other, freeze too. Suddenly one of them lets out a yell.

FIRST BOY

(screaming)

It's Long Leg!

TED

(screaming to the others)

Run!

Peter grabs Sandy's hand and starts to run back around the corner. Suddenly he drops Sandy's hand, whirls around to look for Rhoda.

SANDY

(shouting to Peter)

Come on, for Christ's sake!

Peter runs towards Rhoda and Anibal as the three boys race towards them.

TED

Let's get out of here!

RHODA

What?

She and Anibal are watching the action without comprehension. Peter lunges forward, snatches Rhoda and pulls her along.

SANDY

(screaming)

Stop them, Annabelle. They're after Rhoda!

Anibal reacts at once. He plants his feet wide, clenches his fists and drunkenly swaying on his feet awaits the rush of the first boy.

SANDY
(screaming to Peter
and Rhoda)

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Come on! Hurry! Let's go!

Rhoda, being pulled along by Peter, looks back and sees Anibal. She screams and tries to pull away from Peter to go back. For a long moment they struggle as Rhoda shouts hysterically at Peter to let her go, to help Anibal, etc.

In the street we can see that the three boys have jumped Anibal. We can hear grunting sounds and cries and the thud of fists on flesh. Rhoda screams loudly again. Sandy rushes over to her, followed by Ted.

SANDY
Shut up, damn you!

TED
Shut up! We don't want the
police.

Rhoda screams. Sandy, her hair streaming out under her wig, puts her hand over Rhoda's mouth. Ted pins Rhoda's arms to her side. Rhoda struggles desperately. Sandy's hand slips and Rhoda screams again and again.

SANDY
You fucking idiot!

She slaps Rhoda on each cheek as hard as she can. Behind them Anibal has been pummeled to his knees. The grunting sounds go on and the pulpy sounds of fists.

ANIBAL
(screaming)
Ayudeme! Por Dios, ayudeme!

The three of them dragging Rhoda race away down the street.

96. FERRY BOAT. INTERIOR. NIGHT.

Rhoda is sitting on one of the benches inside the ferry with Peter and Sandy on either side of her and Ted standing in front of her. She is sobbing as if she is unable to stop. The two boys and Sandy try to calm her down, but she keeps shaking her head and crying. They have attracted the attention of several grownups inside the ferry who look at them curiously.

Finally, leaving Rhoda weeping quietly, the other three go out on the deck.

FERRY BOAT DECK. EXTERIOR. NIGHT.

~~Peter~~ Ted and Sandy stand on the deck leaning against the railing, watching the water slip by.

SANDY
(after a moment)
She's still scared. I don't blame her. I was pretty scared myself.

PETER
So was I.

SANDY
That was cool---what Annabelle did.

PETER
It---doesn't seem real.

TED
(a small laugh)
It wasn't real. The computer dreamed it up.

PETER
I hope he didn't get into any trouble---with the police or anything.

TED
I hope he's not in the hospital. Those three guys were sure working him over---

SANDY
It's his own fault. He shouldn't have drunk so much---

PETER
We got him drunk---

SANDY
We couldn't have gotten him drunk unless he wanted to get drunk!

They look out over the water. In the distance they can see the lights twinkling in the houses as they approach the island.

THE FOREST. EXTERIOR. DAY.

A poncho is spread on the ground near the large rocks where the boys discovered the dead gull and Sandy, Ted,

124
Peter and Rhoda are sitting around it. All of them glisten with perspiration but Rhoda in particular seems listless---a slight puffiness around her eyes as if she has cried all night. There is a picnic basket on the poncho, a six-pack of beer, Rhoda's camera, some towels, etc. Ted is opening the beer

TED
Change your mind, Rhoda?

RHODA
(icy)
No thank you.

SANDY
Go on---take one and stop sulking---

RHODA
(snapping at her)
I told you I don't like the taste of it.

Sandy shrugs and takes a long swig of her own beer.

SANDY
It's just as hot here as it was on the beach.

PETER
Not so many flies, though---

TED
Bet it's over a hundred---
(to Sandy)
You're sweating like a pig.

SANDY
Ladies don't sweat---they glow.

TED
(drains his beer bottle
and belches)
Ahhhh---that's good.

He tosses the bottle into the bushes and opens another one.

PETER
(to Rhoda)
How about a sandwich?

Rhoda gives him a cold look and digs into the picnic basket.

Sandwiches True ribs

RHODA
Roast beef or ham?

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PETER
Roast beef.

TED
Me too.

SANDY
I don't want any. It's too hot
to eat.

PETER
(to Rhoda, his mouth
full)
Say, this is great. Great French
bread.

SANDY
Rhoda made them with her own little
hands, didn't you, Rhoda?

Rhoda doesn't answer.

TED
She's going to make someone a
great little wife!

SANDY
Can you sew, Rhoda?

Rhoda doesn't answer.

TED
Guess she won't make someone a
great little wife.

Sandy tosses her empty beer bottle into the bushes.

SANDY
(to Ted)
Another beer.

TED
(opening the bottle)
Speaking about French bread---
anyone know the difference between
America and France?

PETER
No, what's the difference between
America and France?

TED
In America your goose is cooked
but in France your cook is goosed.

He reaches out and gooses Sandy who yelps loudly.

SANDY
You sneaky bastard!

She jumps on him and, laughing, the two of them roll
and wrestle on the ground until finally Ted pushes
her away.

TED
Don't---don't, it's too hot!
Sandy grabs her beer bottle and takes a long drink.

SANDY
(to Ted)
Open a bottle for Rhoda.

RHODA
I said I didn't want any.

SANDY
Rhoda, you can be goddamned
stubborn, do you know that?

RHODA
It's too bitter.

TED
Got to take the bitter with the
sweet, baby!
(he drinks and belches
again)
Beg your pardon.

SANDY
(to Rhoda)
If you're still mad about last
night, I had to slap you---you
were hysterical.

RHODA
That's not what I'm mad at.
(she looks from one
to the other)
Why did you all get him drunk?
(no one answers)
I asked you to stop---I begged
you to stop---

TED
Oh Rhoda, don't be a drag---

SANDY
We were just trying to have some
fun---

Rhoda looks at Peter.

PETER
We didn't know it would turn out
that way---

RHODA
But why did you do it?

TED
Must you analyse everything?

SANDY
It was his own fault---after all,
we didn't force him to drink---

PETER
(with a slightly guilty
glance at Rhoda)
We did kind of urge him---

TED
What the hell else was there to do?
Listen to his boring stories about
his grandfather?

SANDY
What a square!

RHODA
He's a human being! He was
screaming for help and all of us
just ran---

TED
Oh cut it out, Rhoda---you're
beginning to give me a fat pain
in the ass---

RHODA
I didn't want to come here today.
I shouldn't have come---

SANDY
Then why the hell did you?

Rhoda makes a movement as if to get up and leave.

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PETER
Listen, Rhoda, I'm sorry about
last night---

RHODA
(icy)
You're a coward.

PETER
I came back for you---perhaps
you've forgotten that I came back
for you.

TED
He could have got his skull bashed
in---

RHODA
(to Peter)
Why didn't you stay and help
Annabelle?

PETER
Because Annabelle means nothing
to me---

RHODA
Do I?

PETER
(aware of the others)
Well---sure you do---

Suddenly Sandy lifts her half-full bottle of beer and
pours it down the front of her bikini top.

SANDY
Ahhhh---that's better!
(she tosses the bottle
away and giggles)
Peter, my top is wet.

PETER
(unenthusiastic)
Okay.

SANDY
Don't you like girls who say
things like my top is wet?

PETER
Yes, sure.

SANDY
Don't you appreciate my honesty?

PETER
Sure I do.

TED
(to Sandy)
Why don't you take it off?

SANDY
(rolling her eyes)
Ho-ho!

TED
We're out of beer.

SANDY
When you're out of beer, you're
out of beer.

PETER
(handing Ted his
bottle)
You can have mine---

TED
What's the matter? On the wagon?
(he drinks some of it
and hands it to Sandy)
Share and share alike.

SANDY
(inclining her head
graciously)
Thank you, kind Sir.

93. She finishes the beer, puts the bottle down on the
ground and takes off the top of her suit. Rhoda
immediately looks away.

SANDY
What's the matter, Rhoda?

RHODA
Nothing---

Rhoda stands up. Sandy stands up too and blocks her
way.

SANDY
Where do you think you're going?

Home.

RHODA

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SANDY
What's your hurry?

ROHDA
Put your---cover yourself, Sandy---

Why?

SANDY

RHODA
They can see!

Who?

SANDY

The boys!

RHODA

So what?

SANDY

TED
Why don't you take yours off,
Rhoda?

SANDY
What a super idea!

Rhoda tries to get past Sandy who keeps stepping in front of her to block her. She sees the look on Sandy's face and is frightened. She puts her hands up over the top of her suit.

SANDY
Do it, Rhoda!

RHODA
I won't! I can't!
(she looks towards
Peter)
Peter---

TED
Do it!

RHODA
(fearfully)
Peter---please---

PETER
(a brief pause. He
takes a long breath)
Do it!

Rhoda tries to elude Sandy who grabs her wrist and
swings her back to the poncho.

RHODA
No, please---

sandy comes swiftly towards her reaching for her bra
top.

RHODA
(shouting)
Don't! Don't!

94. Ted leaps up and seizes Rhoda from behind while Sandy
pulls her bra top down. Rhoda's breasts burst free.
She tries to raise her hands to cover them. Ted grabs
both her wrists, Sandy slaps her face hard on each
cheek. Rhoda fights back wildly as they drag her to
the poncho, her feet kicking out at them, her eyes
wild. Peter leaps up, staring.

RHODA
(screaming)
Peter! Peter!

Peter looks at the tangle of the three bodies wrestling,
struggling, grunting on the slippery poncho and stands
as if rooted to the spot.

RHODA
(screaming)
Don't let them! Peter, don't let
them!

Ted and Sandy lie over Rhoda's body struggling to keep
her pinned down. We see flashes of Rhoda's white
breasts, Sandy's slender brown legs, Rhoda's grimacing
mouth and her braces, her terrified eyes.

RHODA
(screaming)
Stop them, Peter! Stop them!

95. Suddenly Peter leaps upon the three of them but he is
not helping Rhoda, he is helping Ted and Sandy pull
Rhoda's bikini pants over her legs and down to her
ankles. Rhoda tries to twist away, tries to turn her
body and raise her knees. They pull the pants off her
and hurl them into the bushes. Again Rhoda struggles
madly.

TED
Hold her! Hold her!

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Sandy grabs Rhoda's left arm and left leg. Peter grabs her right arm and right leg. Ted starts to take off his trunks.

SANDY
(to Peter)
Spread her!

96. Rhoda gives a final futile twist trying to turn over on the poncho as they force her legs apart. Naked, Ted stands above her. Suddenly he crouches and flattens his body over hers. Rhoda cries out sharply.

97. A series of shots of the rape, including cuts of Ted from Rhoda's POV, Rhoda from Ted's POV, the reactions of Sandy and Peter.

ECUs of Rhoda's terrified eyes, her mouth open, her lips drawn back in anguish to reveal the braces on her teeth, her sweat-covered forehead, the cords in her neck as she strains against her captors, the freckles on her chest and shoulders, ECUs of Ted's face streaming with sweat, his naked back, his shoulders, his eyes, ECUs of Sandy and Peter reacting to what they see and hear, fascinated, repelled, agonized, aroused, callous, wincing, etc.

On the sound track we hear Rhoda's cries, Ted's spasmodically heavy breathing increasing in steady rhythm to the long gasp of his sexual release, the breathing of Sandy and Peter, etc.

98. ANOTHER ANGLE

Ted stands up and pulls on his trunks. Sandy and Peter come into frame as they stand up. Off screen we can hear Rhoda sobbing. Suddenly Sandy sees Rhoda's Polaroid camera. She picks it up, sets the remote timer and walks away out of frame.

Dolly We move in for ECU of the lens of the Polaroid. We hear the loud click of the shutter.

99. ANOTHER ANGLE

Sandy crosses to pick up the Polaroid. A brief pause as she waits for the picture to be ready. She opens the back of the camera and takes out the snapshot, which we do not see. Ted and Peter move in to look at it. All three of them smile, then Sandy tosses the snapshot off screen in the direction of Rhoda's sobs.

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Now they link arms and walk away. They begin to walk faster and as their paces increases they begin to giggle. Finally they are running and laughing. They disappear into the forest, the camera stays on the trees. On the sound track we can hear them crashing through the underbrush towards the beach, their laughter drifting back to us.

Camera pulls back and tilts down to zoom slowly in on the snapshot lying on the ground. Off screen Rhoda's sobbing is the only sound as the snapshot fills the frame and we see Ted, Sandy and Peter, arm in arm, smiling at the camera with their characteristic expressions of total innocence and purity.

Now a freeze-frame on this snapshot and we hold it for a long time until
the film ends.